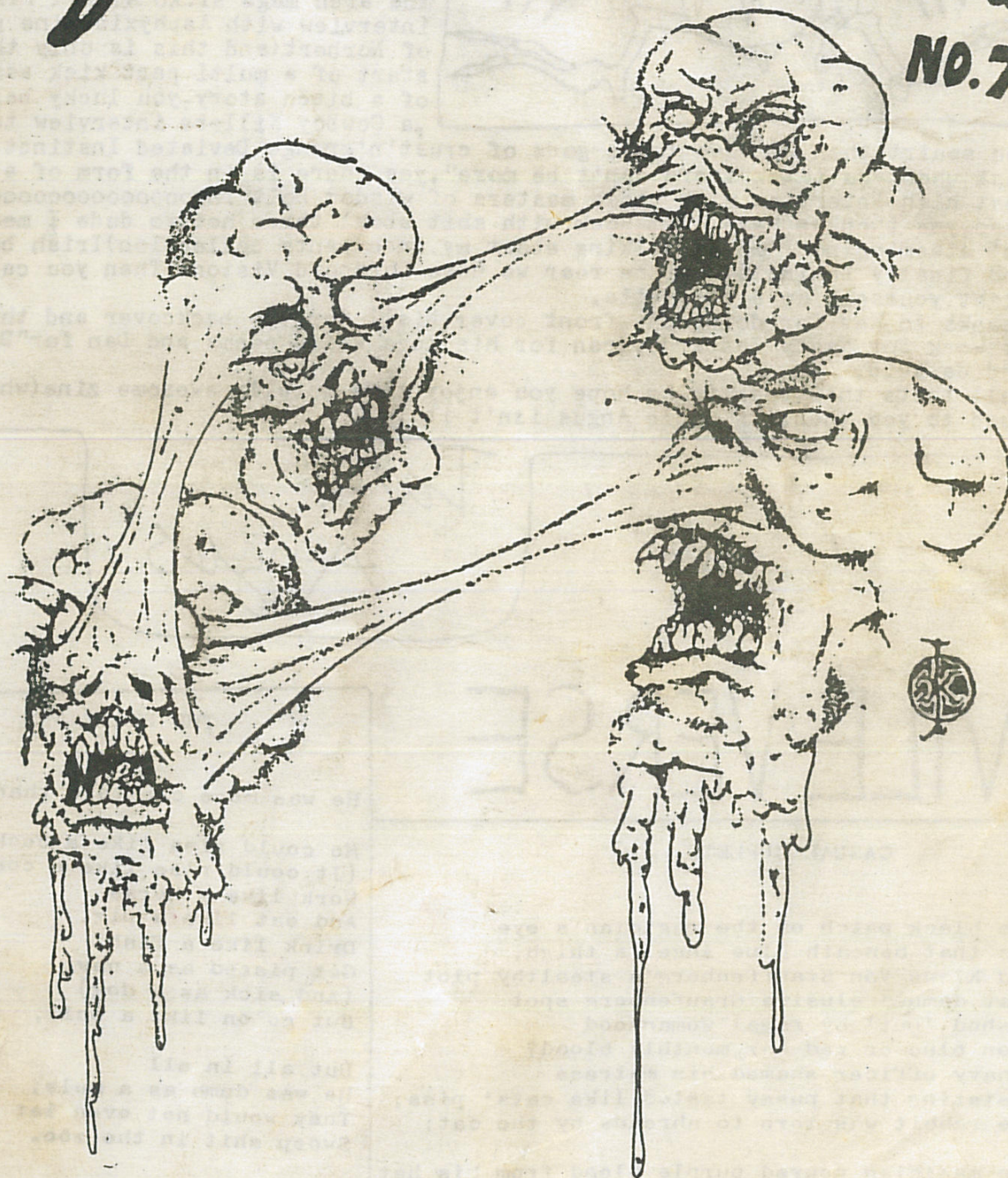


SLUGGISH

NO. 7





How's it going you putrid festering diseased buckets of congealing javaneese warthog sperm. Well here it is at last Smegma No.7. It's been nearly a year and a half since the last one. I've been a bit of a lazy bugger I'm afraid but all the best things are worth waiting for (of course I don't see how that little saying necessarily applies to this rag). Anyway this is what I've got for you this time around my lovelies. A seven page long Nasty Bastards on the arch mega sicko Albert Fish, an interview with Asphyxia, nine pages of Norbert (and this is only the start of a multi part kick ass son of a bitch story, you lucky bastards), a Cowboy Killers interview to make

you squirt, then we have those gods of crust'n'grunge Deviated Instinct, then just when you think "there can't be more", yes there is in the form of a holy most high interview with those masters of wisdom Bolt Throoooooooooooooooooower, then, yes then, we have Sham-Rock with shit about three hot, yo dude I mean hot 'n' steaming (no I'm not talking about my underpants collection) Irish bands and finally taking it up the rear we have Paranoid Visions. Then you can go light yourself up a cigarette.

Thanks to Kev for doing the front cover, Niall for the backcover and the artwork for Nasty Bastards, Bren for his mega weird poems and Dan for "Baby and da acid."

Well that's that then folks, hope you enjoy this totally awesome zine (who's good to you then, its uncle Angus isn't it).

Tara
Angus

VILE VERSE

CASUAL CUPLETS.

The black patch on the magician's eye
Was that beneath Blue Angel's thigh,
And Klaus Von Stauffenberg's stealthy plot
That damned elusive Graufenberg spot
Wished 'Out' by regal womanhood
Moon blue or red her monthly blood?

A navy officer shamed his mattress
Insisting that pussy tasted like cats' piss,
The rabbit was torn to shreds by the cat;

The magician poured purple blood from his hat

THE BEAST.

He was more creature than man;

He could rise like a cock
(It could rise like a cobra)
Work like a horse
And eat like a pig,
Drink like a fish
Get pissed as a newt
(And sick as a dog)
But go on like a bull,

But all in all
He was dumb as a mule;
They would not even let him
Sweep shit in the zoo.



Well folks welcome once again to nasty bastards. This issues nasty bastard is the arch sadomasochist and mega-pervert Albert Fish. Thats a picture of him above. Looks harmless enough don't he, resembling somewhat the old fellow out of Steptoe & Son. Just a harmless old man eh, (Fish was 65 when he was caught) just a harmless old man, he wouldn't, couldn't hurt a fly, could he? Fucking right he could for if there is such a creature as satan and such a place as hell then it is almost sure that Albert Fish now holds the posts of Lucifers lord high executioner and grand master of the torture dungeons of hades. Then again maybe not, Peter Kurten may hold those posts for he is equally qualified (see Smegma No.6) and would have entered hells dominions four years before Fish, dispatched there by the guillotine. Still I'm getting a bit carried away with myself here. I think I've been reading too many Venom and Slayer lyrics not to mention the odd Hellraiser comic or three.

his teachers spanking other pupils. Before the age of ten the succulent gastronomical delights of eating human excrement, his own and other peoples, were his. Don't ask me how he got his hands on other peoples shit but I imagine it must have led to some pretty interesting conversations in the old orphanage bog. Grab this folks my own personel reconstruction of Albert fish toilet talk.

A.Fish: "Yo ron mate how's it going, are ya well eh ?

Ron: "Ah yeah, yeah I'm fine thanks".

A.Fish: "So are ya doing a big fat shit then are ya"?

Ron: "Yeah too fucking right".

A.Fish: "Yeah man fucking good on ya"

Ron: "Ha yeah".

A.Fish: "Hey look I was wondering, like, eh, when your finished, like, eh, could I have it, eh, like, y'know"?

Ron: "Have what"?

A.Fish: "Eh, the, eh, the shit like"?

Ron: "The shit, you want my fucking shit man"?

A.Fish: "Eh yeah if yer not like using it for anything y'know".

Ron: "Course I'm not using it for anything are you screwy or something Fish what the fuck do you want it for".

A.Fish: "Eh, like, y'know ya never know when it might come in handy, like, for manure for the garden and the like y'know".

Ron: "Your a fucking looney y'know that Fish a right fuckin nutter".

A.fish: "Yeah right, look can I have it or what"?

Ron: "Yeah alright I suppose so its not as if I want to keep the fucking thing as a shagging souvenir or anything but look you can pick it out of the bleedin bowl yerself I'll be fucked if I'm putting me hand down there".

A.Fish: "Gee thanks mate".

Ron: "Yeah-right".

A.Fish: "Hey ron mate".

Ron: "Yeah what now"?

A.Fish: "Look ya don't have any spare bread and an onion or two on ya do ya, like to make a sandwich"?

Ron: "Fuck off Fish, ya know your a shagging weirdo you are a real nut case and its gonna get you in trouble one day it is ya weirdo bastard".

Good eh, anyway on with the story. During his early adulthood Fish discovered another pleasure which entailed soaking bits of cotton wool in alcohol, sticking them up his arse and setting fire to the fucking things, phew what a looney eh. Mind you Fish's whole family seem to have been just a little weird. A right bunch of mental mutants that would make the Adams family look like the Brady Bunch.

Fish's paternal uncle suffered from a religious psychosis and died in an insane asylum, his half brother also died in an insane asylum. A younger brother was feeble minded and died of hydrocephalus. A paternal aunt was considered completely crazy, fish's mother was said to be very queer, another brother was an alcoholic (sure living with this bunch who'd blame the poor sod) and a sister seems to have had some sort of mental affliction.

Fish did not confine his pervertness to himself however, many children where also his victims.

At the age of 28 fish married a girl nine years younger than himself. They were married for 20 years and had six children togeather. He never harmed either his wife or his own children though sometimes he would strip himself naked and get the kidsto beat him around the place with sticks when mother was out.

Fish later said that sex inside marriage had helped him keep his fancies of hurting himself and children under control but when his wife, anna, ran off with the lodger leaving him to bring up the children alone in a flat emptied of furniture, "that threw off my chains, I had a right after that to any fun I could find or grab".

Fish, who had learned the trade of a house painter, left his younger children in the care of a relative and began to roam around picking up odd jobs of painting or any other work he could find. "I travelled through 23 states", he told psychiatrists, "I went from New York to Montana and back and I had a victim in every state". In the course of his wanderings he married three more times illegally. He abandoned these women as soon as he tired of them. Fish wrote obscene letters in reply to newspaper advertisements or to the patrons of matrimonial agencies. Once an elderly woman advertised that she wanted convalescent care. Fish turned up on her door step with a rope and asked her to beat him with it. In his 50's fish began to get religious and a psychosis developed with delusions and hallucinations. He had visions of the tortures of hell and believed he was ordered by God to castrate little boys and that he had to offer children as sacrifice to purge himself. He would take his victims to remote places then tie them up and beat them. He never gagged them because it gave him such supreme ecstasy to hear them cry and scream with pain. He carried out at least a 100 child

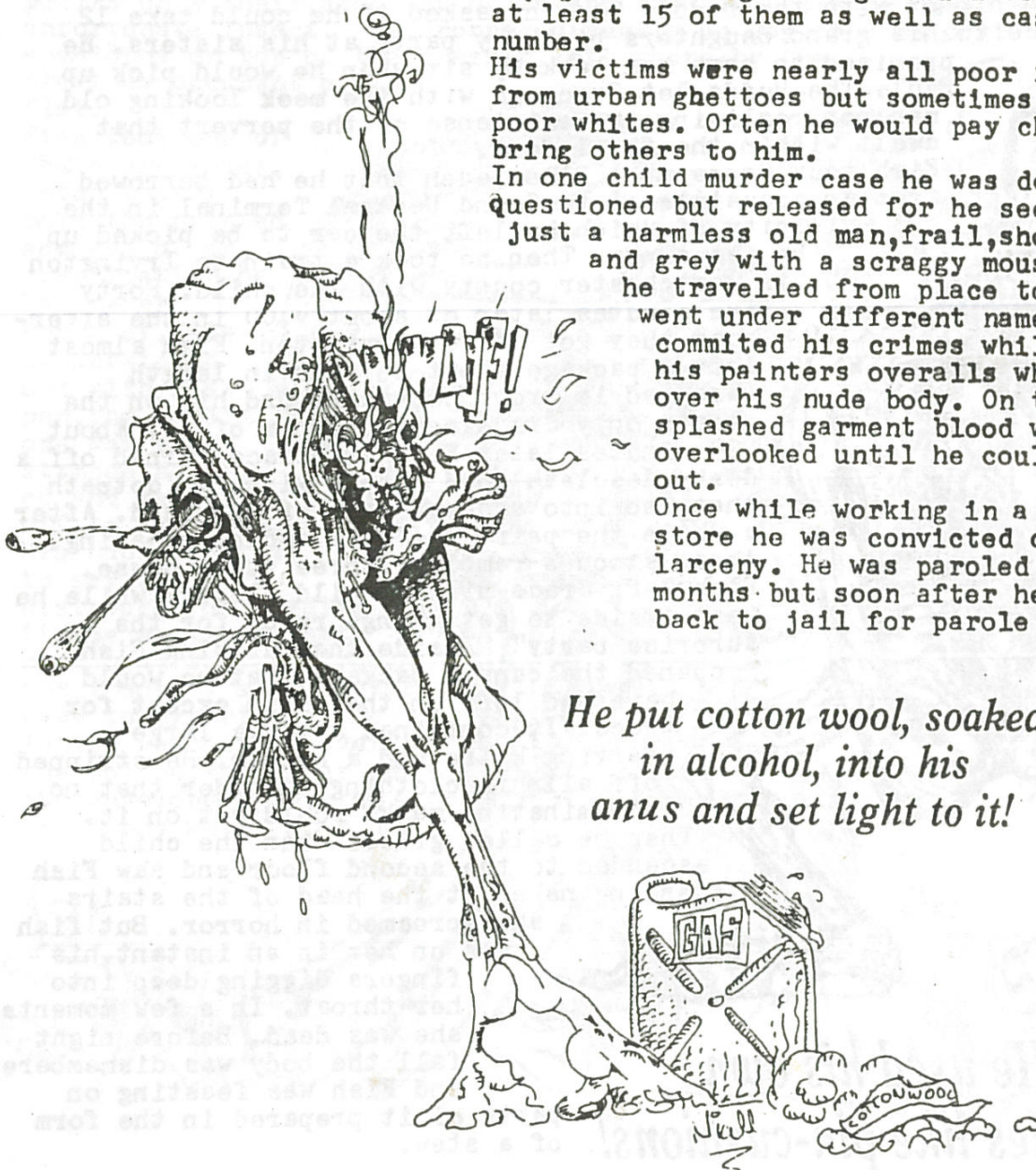
abductions in which he forced young boys into repugnant and agonising sexual acts. He killed at least 15 of them as well as castrating a number.

His victims were nearly all poor negro kids from urban ghettos but sometimes he picked on poor whites. Often he would pay children to bring others to him.

In one child murder case he was detained and questioned but released for he seemed to be just a harmless old man, frail, short, stooped and grey with a scraggy moustache. As he travelled from place to place he went under different names. He usually committed his crimes while he was in his painters overalls which he wore over his nude body. On this paint splashed garment blood would be overlooked until he could wash it out.

Once while working in a grocery store he was convicted of grand larceny. He was paroled after 16 months but soon after he was sent back to jail for parole violation.

He put cotton wool, soaked in alcohol, into his anus and set light to it!



Later he was arrested for passing two false cheques but recieved a suspended sentence. A short time later he recieved 90 days in jail for writing obscene letters.

Twice he was discovered beating himself with a nail studded paddel. Both times he was sent to mental hospitals. He was discharged from one of them after a month with the comment "Not insane, psychopathic personality, sexual type" (ah yeah sound as a fucking bell eh).

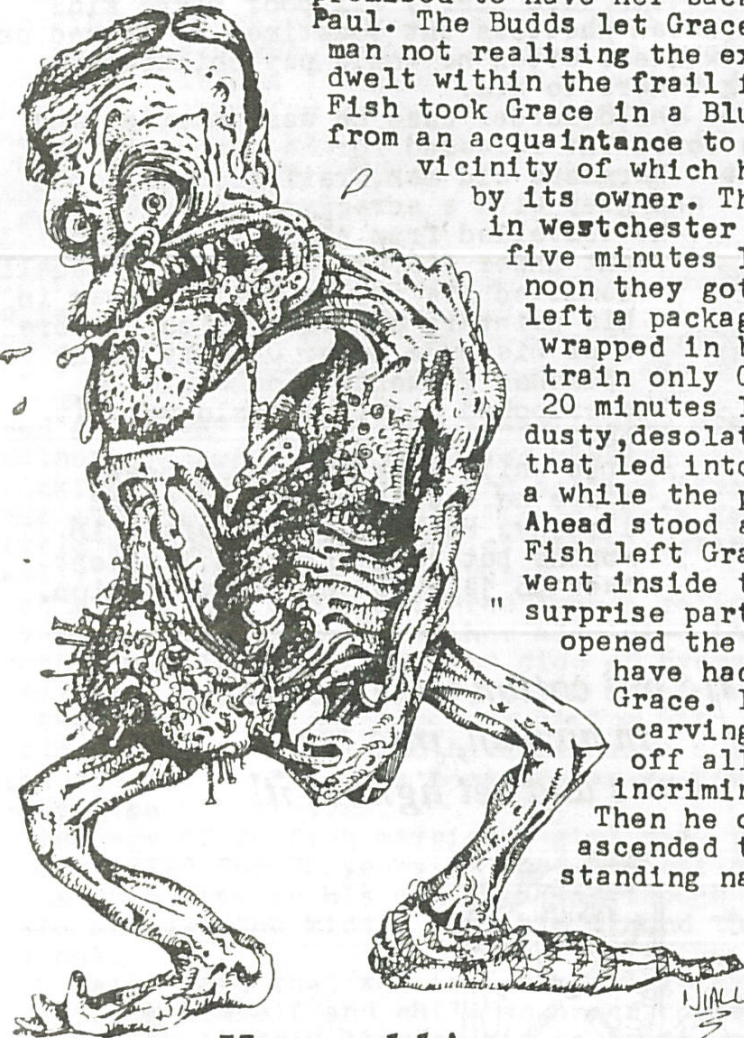
The other hospital discharged him as "Quite co-operative oriented". Over the years fish was employed by five mental institutions and several churches.

The crime that Albert Fish was eventually caught, convicted and executed for was the murder of a 12 year old white girl by the name of Grace budd. On the first of june 1928 Fish arrived at 406 west 15 street, New york, the home of Mr and Mrs Edward Budd. Their 18 year old son Paul had put an ad in the newspaper looking for work on a farm. Fish using the name Frank Howard arrived and claiming he had a big farm, out in farmingdale Long Island, offered paul a job. Fish alias Howard was meant to pick up Paul the following day, Saturday the second, but about noon that day a telegram arrived for Paul Budd from Fish/howard in which he said he had been delayed by business and that he would call on sunday. When Fish called on Sunday he had dinner with the Budds. Then he asked if he could take 12 year old Grace to his grand daughters birthday party at his sisters. He

promised to have her back by six when he would pick up Paul. The Budds let Grace go with the meek looking old man not realising the existense of the pervert that dwelt within the frail form.

Fish took Grace in a Blue Sedan that he had borrowed from an acquaintance to Grand Central Terminal in the vicinity of which he left the car to be picked up by its owner. Then he took a train to Irvington in westchester county with the child. Forty five minutes later at about 4.00 in the afternoon they got off at Irvington. Fish almost left a package about 2½ feet in length wrapped in brown canvas behind him on the train only Grace reminded him of it. About 20 minutes later Fish and Grace turned off a dusty, desolate road onto a winding footpath that led into a dense area of woodland. After a while the pair came to a sudden clearing. Ahead stood a rambling three story house. Fish left Grace picking wild flowers while he went inside to get things ready for the "surprise party". Inside the building Fish

opened the canvas package, that he would have had left on the train except for Grace. It contained a saw, a large carving knife and a hammer. He stripped off all his clothing in order that no incriminating marks would get on it. Then he called grace. When the child ascended to the second floor and saw Fish standing naked at the head of the stairs she screamed in horror. But fish was on her in an instant, his fingers digging deep into her throat. In a few moments she was dead. Before night-fall the body was dismembered and Fish was feasting on parts of it prepared in the form of a stew.



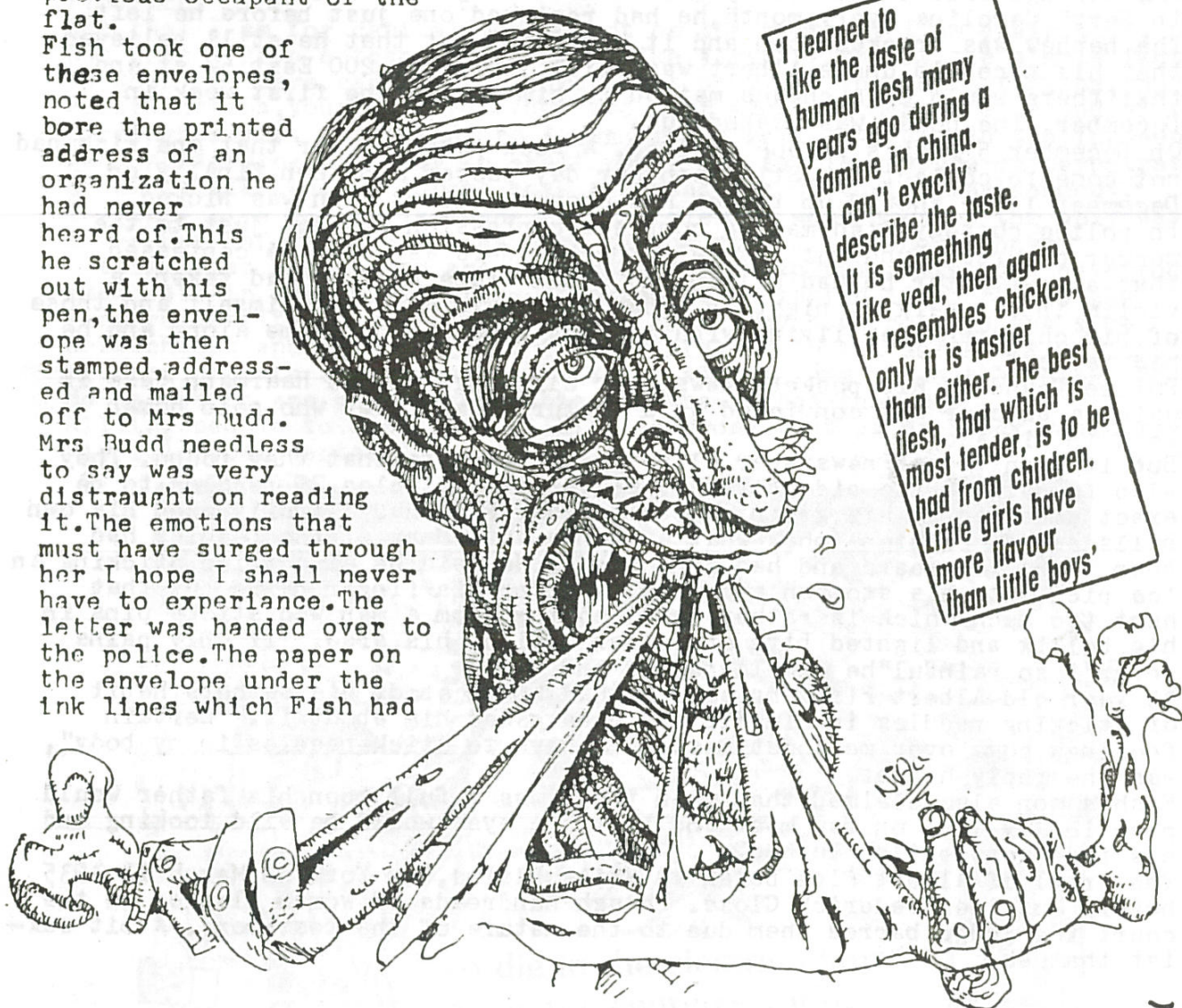
*He used his own
testicles like pin-cushions!*

It had been Fish's original intention to do this to Paul Budd on top of castrating him but he had changed his mind when he saw Grace. Fish almost got away with the crime, all police leads drew a blank. He had used a false name and address, his sisters supposed address was also false and he had remarkably left no finger prints in the Budd home. In the end it was his own perverted desire to gloat that got him caught that and of all things a humble cockroche.

On the night of November 10 1934, over 6 years after the murder of Grace Budd, Fish was seized by a mad desire to once again dwell on his murder and consumption of the little girl in a letter to Mrs Budd which exalted the gastronomical delights to be derived from human flesh (a few lines from the letter appear with drawing below) and described in detail what he had done to Grace. He also added that Mrs Budd was not to worry, her daughter had died a virgin. He signed the letter Frank Howard.

After he had finished writing the letter he searched his apartment for an envelope. He had none. He asked his landlady, she had none either. Fish was just about to get his hat and over coat from his dresser to go out and buy an every day plain untraceable envelope when the aforementioned humble cockroche walked onto the stage that is life (very philosophical of me that eh). Fish spotted it making its way across the wall above the six foot tall dresser. Ah here was something to kill. Fish took off his shoe pulled up a chair, stood up on it and brought the shoe crashing down on unfortunate insect. It dropped directly on top of some dust covered envelopes on top of the dresser left there by the previous occupant of the flat.

Fish took one of these envelopes, noted that it bore the printed address of an organization he had never heard of. This he scratched out with his pen, the envelope was then stamped, addressed and mailed off to Mrs Budd. Mrs Budd needless to say was very distraught on reading it. The emotions that must have surged through her I hope I shall never have to experience. The letter was handed over to the police. The paper on the envelope under the ink lines which Fish had



'I learned to like the taste of human flesh many years ago during a famine in China. I can't exactly describe the taste. It is something like veal, then again it resembles chicken, only it is tastier than either. The best flesh, that which is most tender, is to be had from children. Little girls have more flavour than little boys'

used to blacken out the printed address was not badly scratched. Through a process where chemicals were applied to the ink lines and then they were placed under a powerful instrument with X-ray qualities the address appeared as if by magic. It was, Private Chauffeurs Benevolent Assn, 627 Lexington Ave, N.Y.C.

By the way a handwriting comparrison was carried out between the letter and the original of the telegram Fish had sent to Paul Budd on June 2, 1928, coz a lot of pranksters and weirdos were writing to both the budds and the police claiming responsibility for Graces disappearance, they both matched. The members of the Private Chauffeurs Benevolent Association were screened All were clear. Then it was looked into how the associations stationary had fallen into outside hands.

That was sorted out when the young caretaker who worked for the associations president admitted to taking about a dozen envelopes out of the waste paper basket in the presidents office several months before out of which he had left most behind in his former flat at 200 East 52 st, room 10.

The police were at 200 East 52 st in minutes. They found out that room 10's last occupant's, a Mr Albert Fish, discription matched that of the Frank Howard they had been looking for the past six years. Also the handwriting of Mr Fish on the landlady's register matched that on the letter and on the telegram. It was certain that Fish and Howard were one in the same.

But Fish had left a few days before leaving no forwarding address which was strange said the landlady coz he used to get a cheque from his nephew in North Carolina every month, he had recieved one just before he left. The nephew was tracked down and it was found out that he still believed that his nice old uncle Albert was still living at 200 East 52 st and that there would be a cheque mailed to him during the first week in December. The house was staked out.

On December 5 Fish's cheque arrived. A week passed after that and Fish had not come to collect it. Still another day passed and then finally on December 13 he showed up to get his cheque. Albert Fish was Nicked. In police custody Fish made a complete confession and not just to the murder of Grace Budd but several other murders as well. He confessed that a year after he had killed and eaten Grace Budd he had taken a victim into a park at night in order to obtain meat for himself and those of his children then living with him but some one had come along and he had ran off.

Police found in his pockets newspaper clippings on the Haarmann case in which a butcher was convicted as a nocturnal murderer who sold human meat in his shop.

But it wasn't just newspaper clippings in pockets that they found. They also found, with the aid of X-ray, needles in testicles, 29 needles to be exact embedded in his groin and testicles. Fish had literally used his own balls as pin cushions (pew what a looney eh). Many of the needles had been there for years and had gone rusty. He said he also tried sticking an ice pick into his stomach and needles under his finger nails but that hurt too much which is rather novel coming from a man who sticks pins in his bollix and lighted bits of cotton wool up his arse. "If only pains weren't so painful" he complained at one time.

35 year old Albert Fish Jnr said he had known about his fathers habit of sticking needles in himself and once asked him about it. "Certain feelings come over me sometimes and I have to stick needles in my body", was the reply he got.

Fish's son also claimed that when there was a full moon his father would practically live on raw meat and that his eyes would be wild looking and his face constantly flushed.

The trial of Albert Fish began at White Plains, New York on March 12 1935 before Justice Frederick Close. Though hundreds of women flocked to the court the judge barred them due to the nature of the testimony. A bit sexist that eh.

There was no doubt what the outcome of the trial would be, the issue lay in whether he would be found insane or go to the electric chair. Although Fish himself claimed "I am not insane I am just queer" a plea of insanity was what the defense offered. For more than a week three Psychiatrists for the defence battled it out with four for the state. At last the jury went out to consider the verdict. They found him guilty of murder in the first degree. On March 22 the judge sentenced him to die in the electric chair. One of the jurors said later "I thought he was insane but I figured he should be electrocuted anyway".

Fish's lawyer appealed but on November 26 the court of appeals refused to interfere with the lower courts verdict.

When Fish's lawyer went to visit him in the death cell Fish showed him some writing he had been doing. What he had written was so obscene and filthy the lawyer never showed it to anyone.

On January 16 1936 Fish went not just willingly but also enthusiastically to the electric chair. He was actually looking forward to it. He said "to die in the electric chair is the supreme thrill the only one I have not tried". He even helped the executioner to attach the electrodes to his legs.

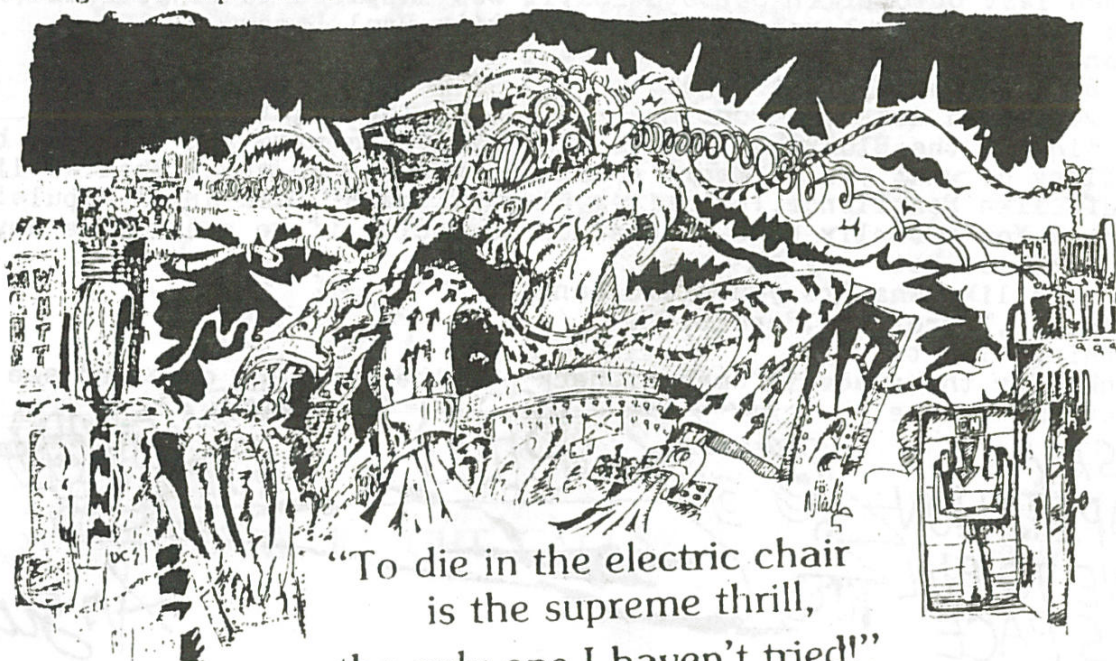
The first electric charge failed to kill Fish, possibly short circuited by the metal needles in his testicles and groin. A second charge a few minutes later finally dispatched him. Albert Fish was dead and good riddance.

Not that I am for capital punishment on the contrary I am against it. Not that I give a toss for fuckers like Albert Fish but the simple fact is when you have capital punishment not only are your Albert Fishs, your Peter Kurtens, your Carl Panzrams and your Adolf Eichmanns executed your Birmingham sixs and guildford fours are as well. Why should the innocent and undeserving die just to exact petty and futile revenge on perpetrators of atrocities who no longer pose a threat due to their imprisonment.

The only time killing someone is justified is when that is the only way to render safe a threat they pose to the rights all should have.

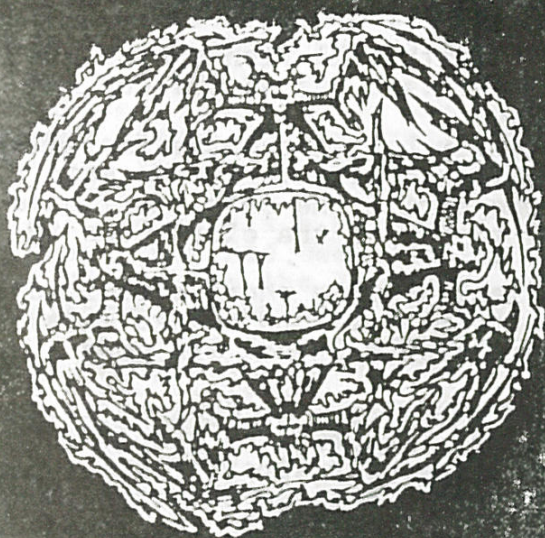
I think that people who are vigorously pro-capital punishment have too much faith in the infallibility of evidence presented in court and the incorruptibility of police forces and that they also possess the same detachment and insensitivity that is present in all murderers, multiple killers, rapists and indeed nazis which allows them to do the things they do and which are part responsible for the things they do.

Killing people to show that killing is wrong, that, as Mr Spock would say "is illogical Captain".



"To die in the electric chair
is the supreme thrill,
the only one I haven't tried!"

ASPHYRIA



CONFLAGRATION

Well now here are a band that have been knocking around Dublin for some time now. I mentioned them in Sham-rock back in Smegma 3 (that was out in the summer of 88 for those of you who don't know though I can't imagine how you would have missed it, it was in all the papers and on sky news like y'know.) Anyway back then they were just doing covers and I said that if they ever got off their arseholes and started doing their own songs I might just give them an interview. Well they have, they've even got a demo out now. So here it is the interview you've been waiting for (or dreading depending on your viewpoint), for the past 3 years.

Q. Give us a brief history of the band ?
(boring question eh)

A. Its a long boring story and no one wants to hear it. The present line up is Vinnie O'Brien on guitar, Eamonn Farrell on guitar, George on bass and vocals and Norman Hunt on Drums.

Q. How does the idea of a skiing holi- in the bavarian alps appeal to you ?

A. No the idea of getting our balls frozen off does not appeal to us.

Q. Would you regard yourselves as a group of young gentlemen with very high standards of personal hygiene or are you just a bunch of smelly fucks?

A. We're all very clean except for vinnie.

Q. Do any of you have any peculiar habits or fetishes ?

A. Normann has a habit of dropping his trousers in front of large gatherings.

Q. Tell us about the demo?

A. It's called "Conflagration". The songs are D.P.O.S, The Craving, Conflagration, Symptoms of Suffering. We're happy with the way it turned out. It was recorded last October in Sun Studios. It was supposed to be recorded four months earlier but we got fucked around with Paul Lacey.

Q. Eamonn are you all right ?

A. The Biz, are you alright Angus.

Q. How would you describe your music (if thats the right word)?

A. New Kids on the Block (ha). People will always compare you to other bands regardless of what you do, there's nothing you can do about that. We listen to stuff like Pestilence, Terrorizer, Slayer, Kreator, Dark Angel, Repulsion, Possessed. You'd really have to hear us to decide if we sound like any of these bands or not.

Q. Hey guys, like, what're your fave bands?

A. Possessed, Terrorizer, Repulsion.

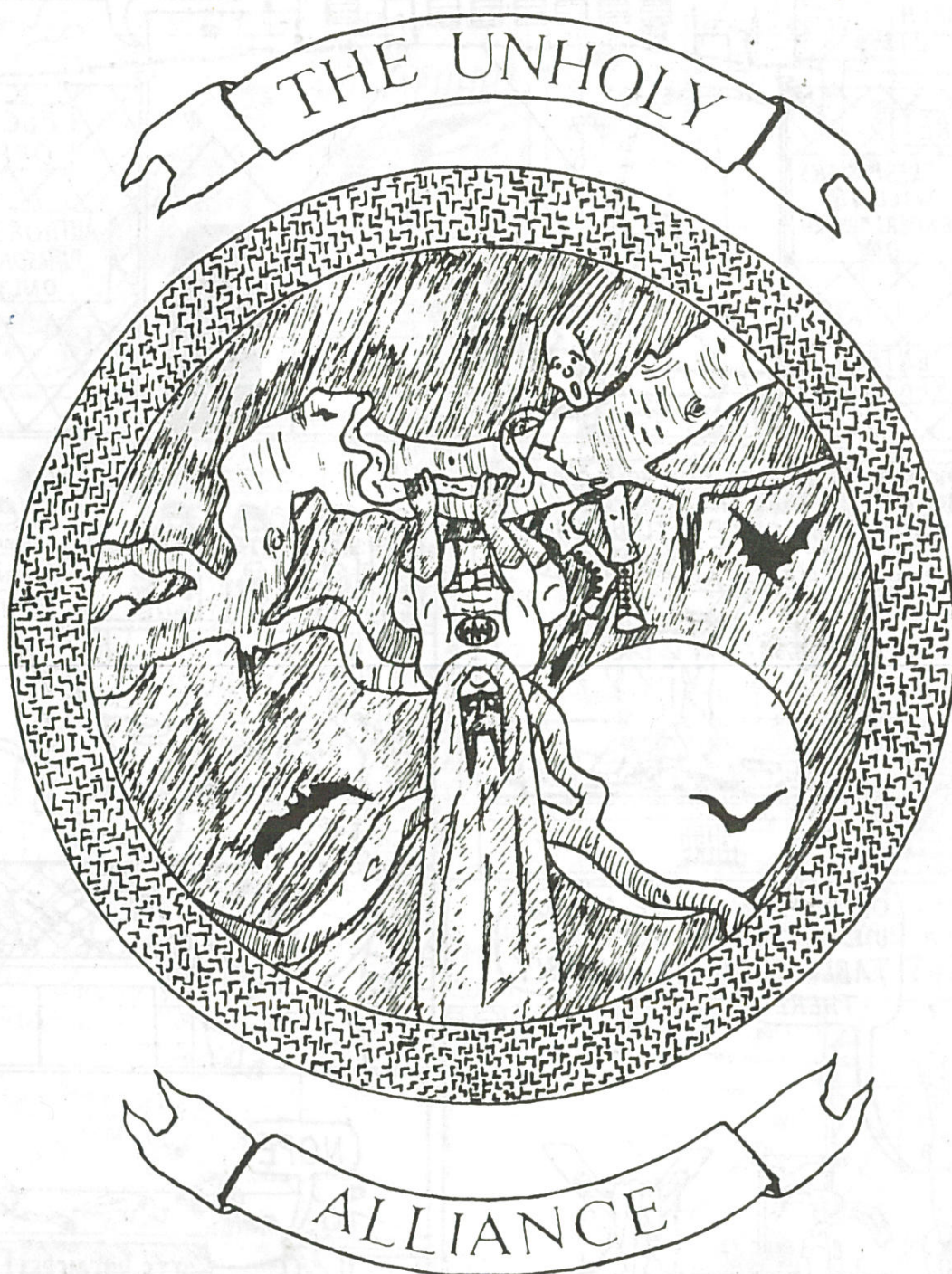
Q. Anything else to say?

A. Thanks for the space in Smegma. Check out the Demo and come and see us if you get the chance

A. SMALL
DECAPITATION
SCENE TO FILL
SPACE



SMEGMA PRESENTS A MULTI-PART NORBERT STORY



PART ONE: DARK KNIGHT CALLS

A BIOLOGICAL WARFARE RESEARCH
INSTITUTE SOMEWHERE IN THE U.S.A

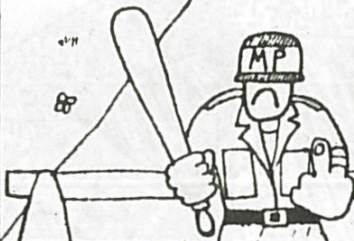
TYPHOID MARY
BIOLOGICAL WARFARE
RESEARCH
INSTITUTE

TOP SECRET

GO
AWAY

TRESPASSERS
WILL BE
EXPERIMENTED
ON

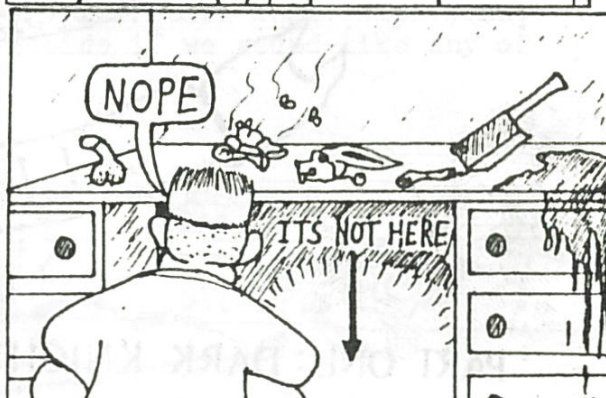
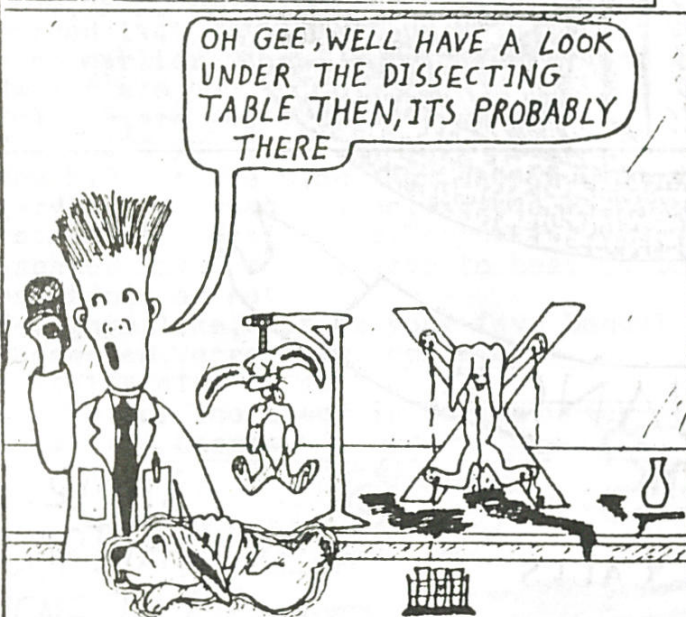
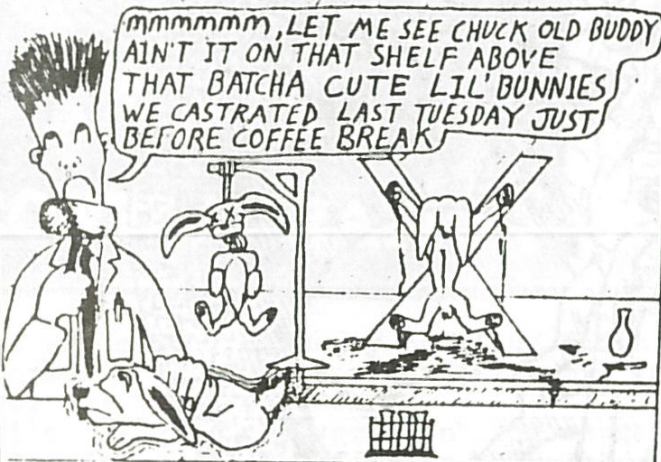
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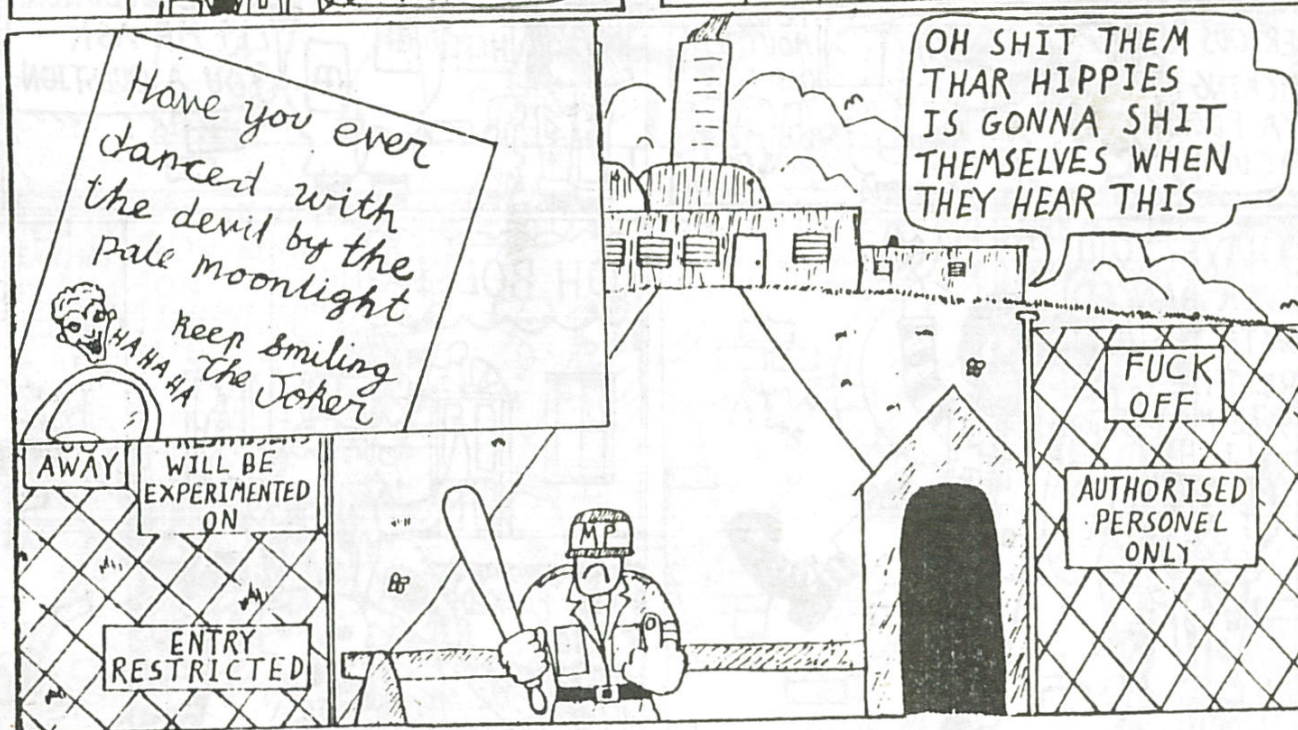
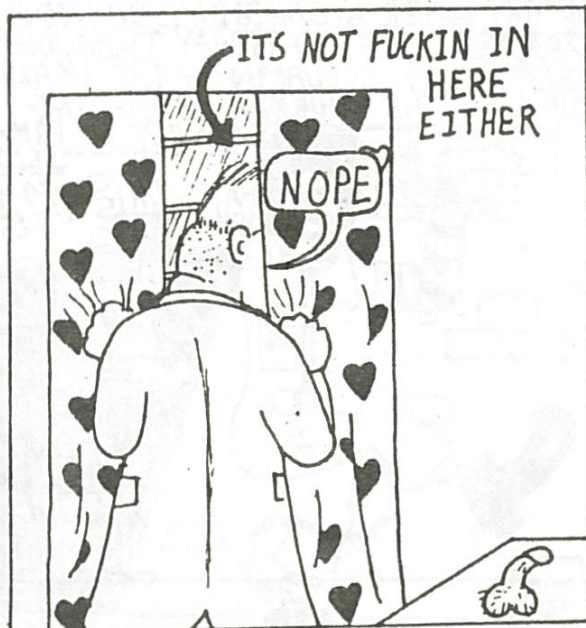
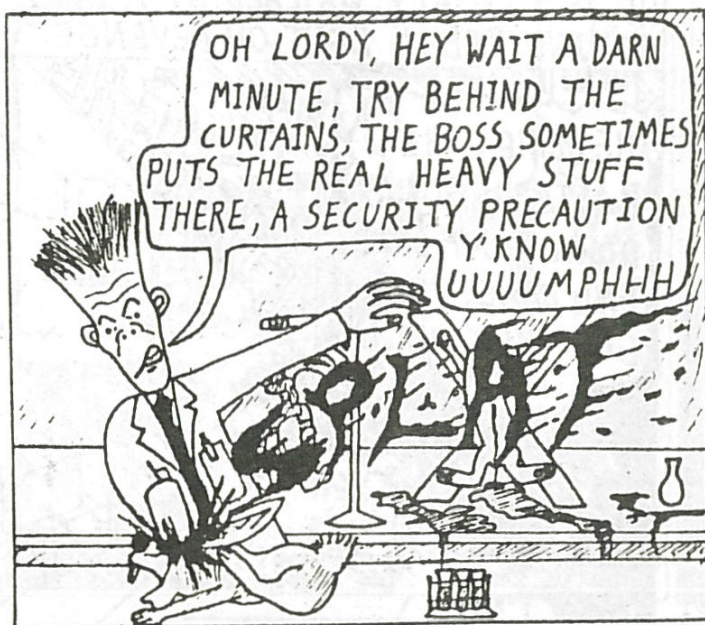


HEY VINNIE WHERE'S THAT
TWO PINTS OF REALLY
DEADLY VIRUS WE PERFECTED
LAST WEEK. Y'KNOW THE ONE
THAT'S CAPABLE OF WIPING
OUT A LARGE SEGMENT OF
LIFE ON THIS PLANET

FUCK
OFF

AUTHORISED
PERSONEL
ONLY





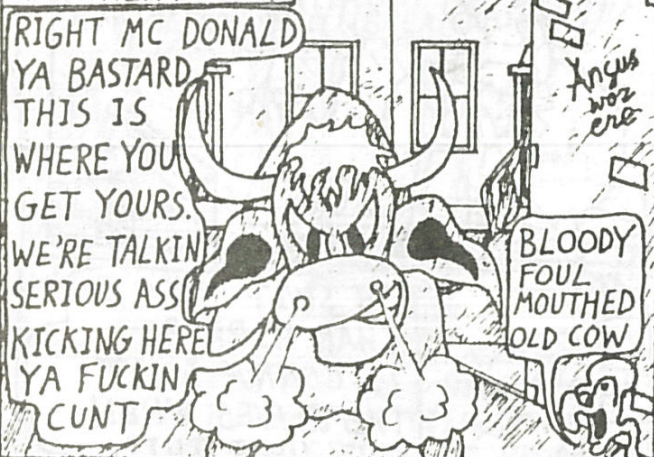
ONE DAY LATER, A CANDIDLY OMINOUS CHARACTER MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE STREETS OF DUBLIN IN THE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING GIGGLING INSANELY TO HIMSELF



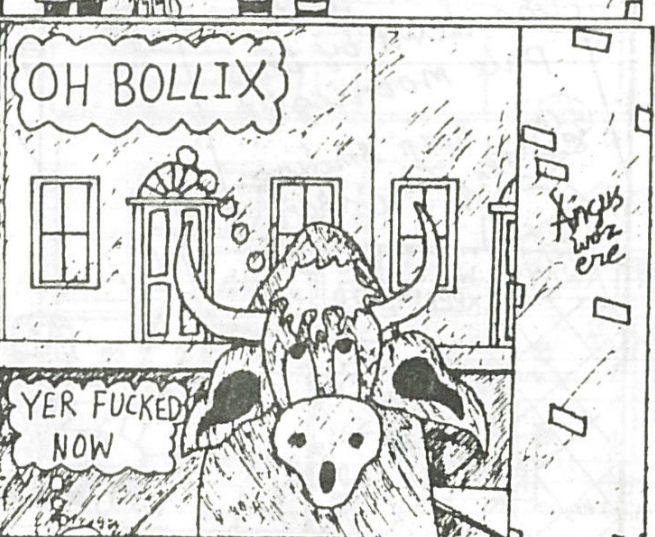
HE IS CLOSELY WATCHED BY A LONE BOVINE REBEL BENT ON REVENGE

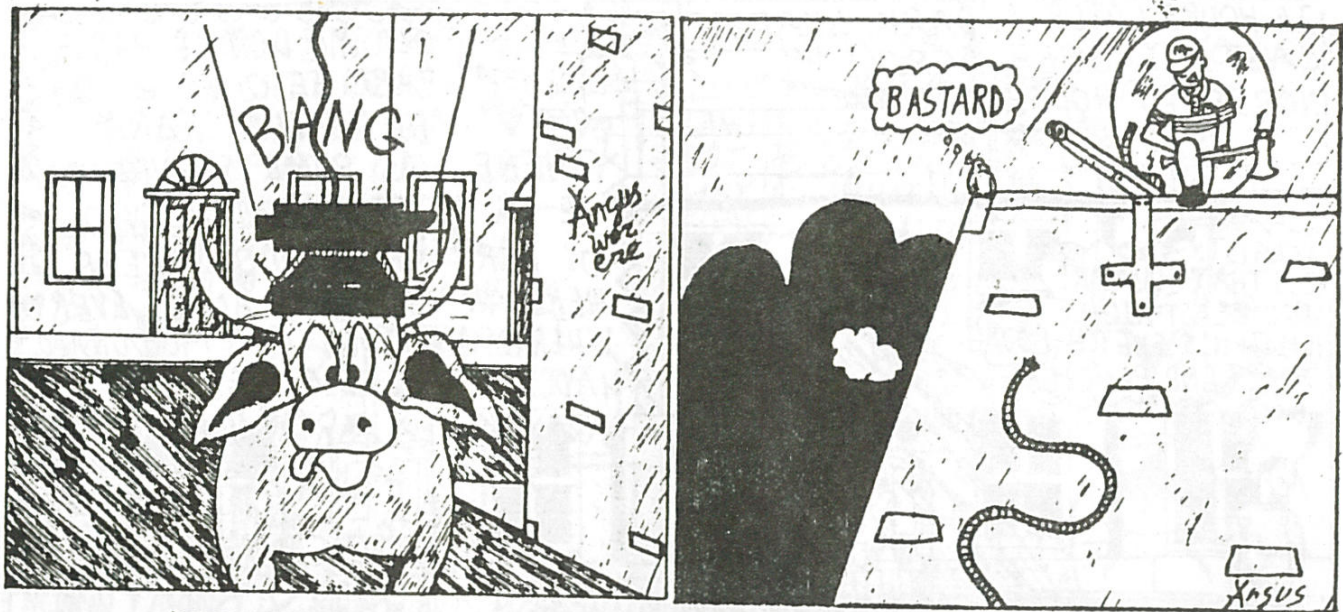


THE BOVINE REBEL STORMS INTO THE LANE READY TO HEAP BLOODY VIOLENCE UPON HER ENEMY



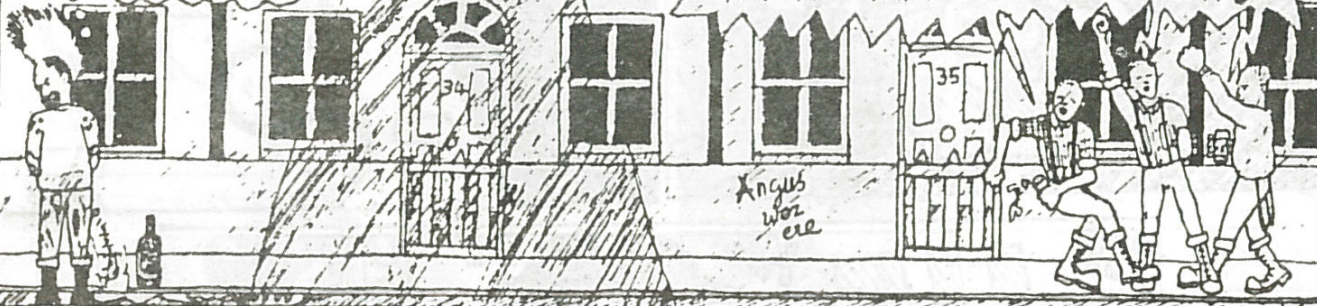
BUT RONALD 'WHAT A BASTARD' MC DONALD SHOWS NO FEAR





24 HOURS LATER A DARK SHADOW
CASTS ITSELF ACROSS
NORBERTS HOUSE

CHRIST
ITS THAT BASTARD
FROM LAST NIGHT
WITH HIS SKETCH BOOK
AND PENCIL



OLD MC DONALD HAD A
FARM EE OI EE OI OH
AND ON THAT FARM
THERE WAS SOME SKINHEADS
EE OI EE OI OH. WITH AN OI
OI HERE AND A OI OI THERE
HERE AN OI, THERE AN OI EVERY
WHERE AN OI OI. OLD MC DONALD
HAD A FARM EE OI EE OI OH

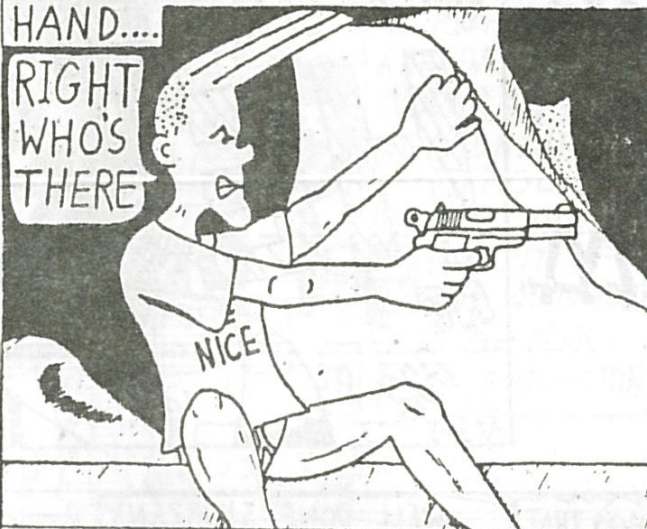
NORBERT STIRS FROM A PEACEFUL
SLEEP AWARE OF A PRESENCE IN
HIS ROOM

CREEK

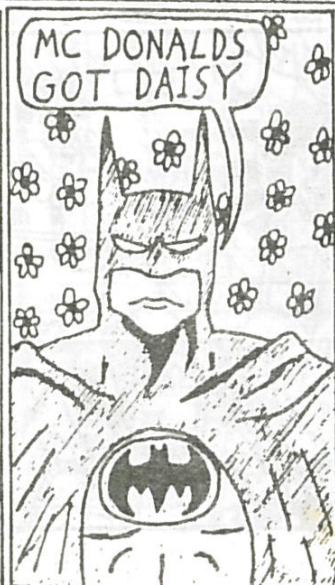
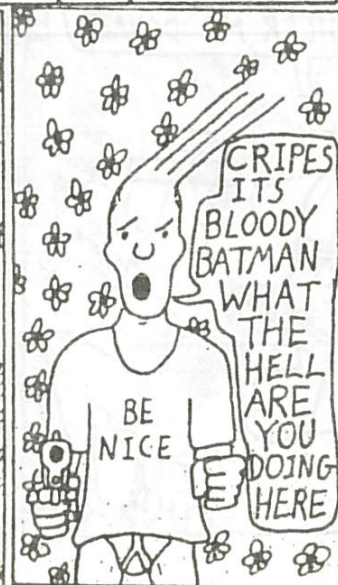
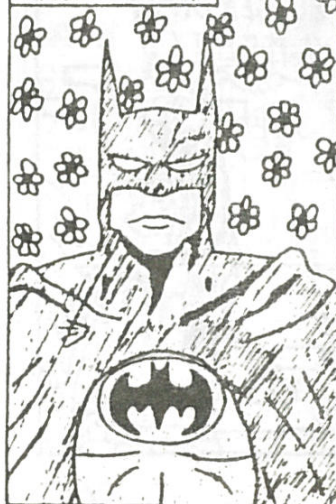


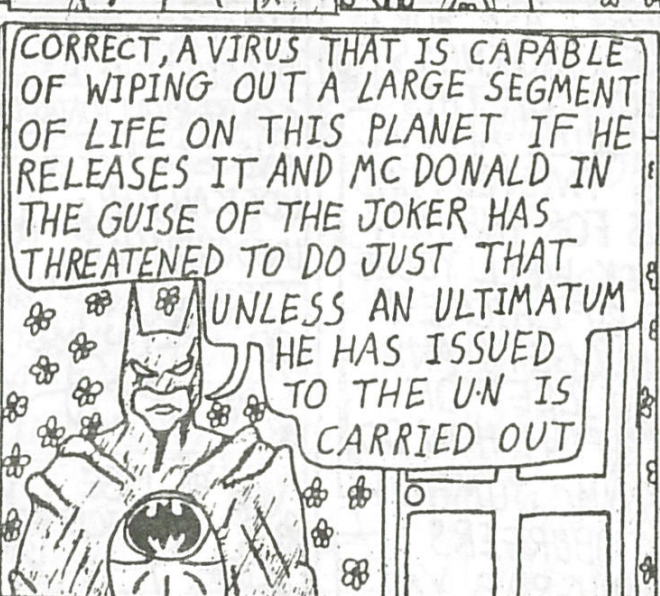
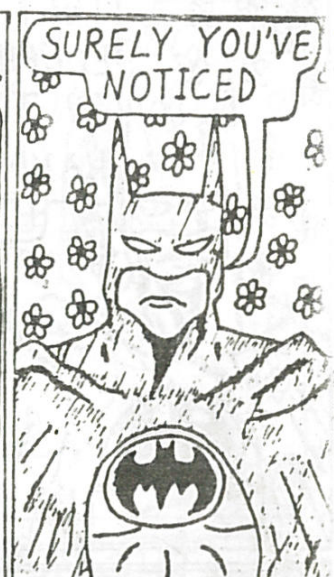
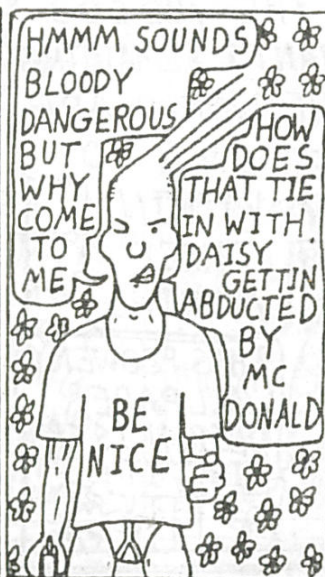
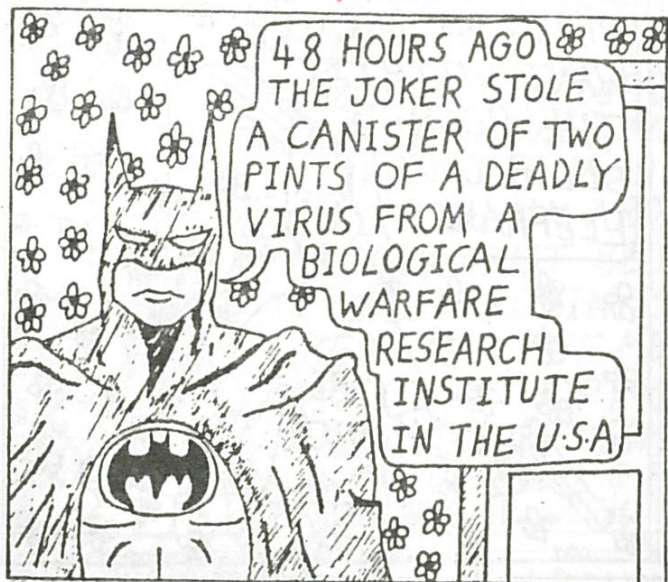
HE LEAPS FROM HIS BED GUN IN
HAND....

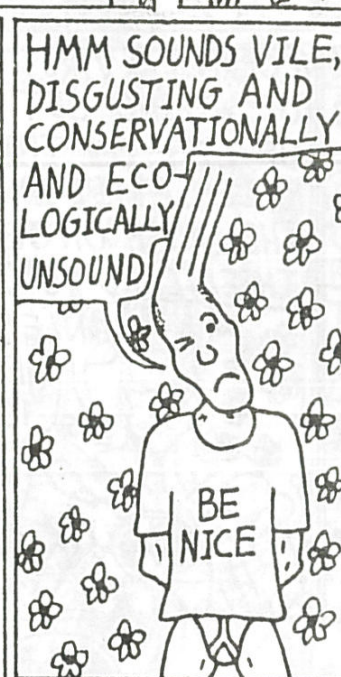
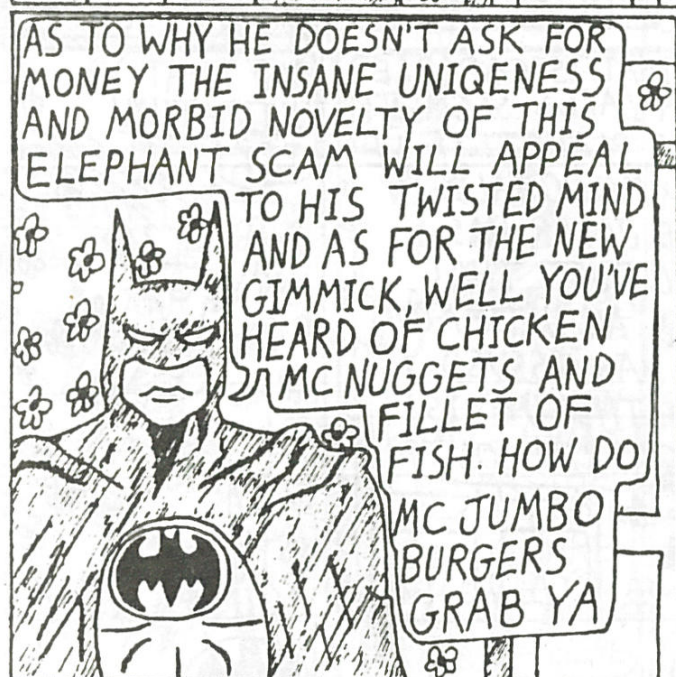
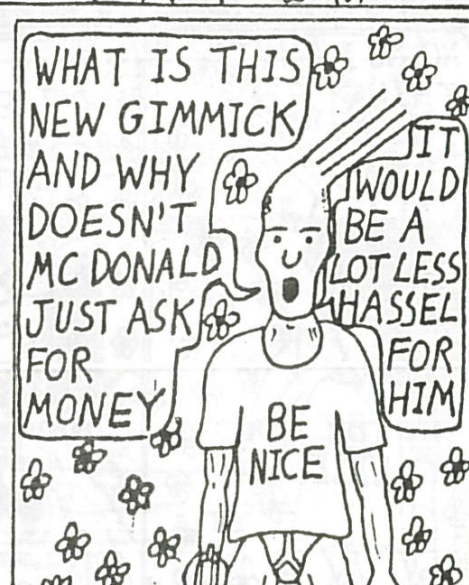
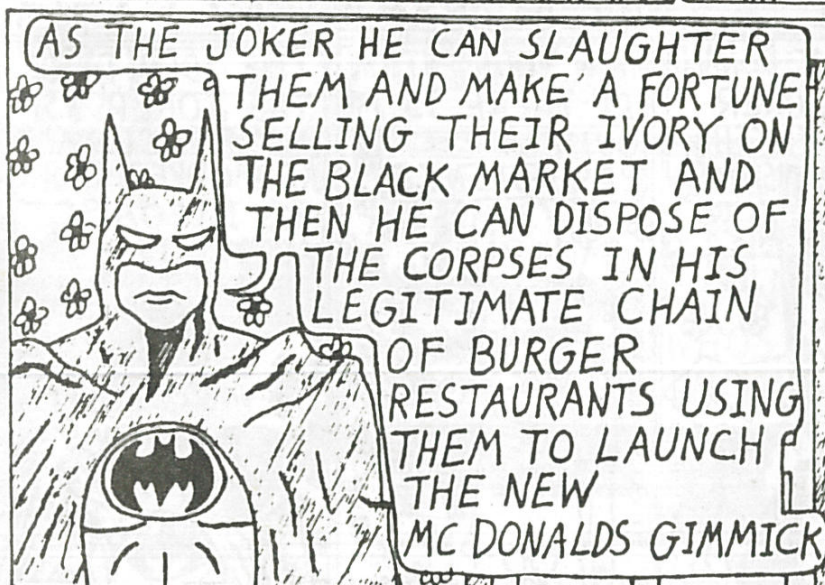
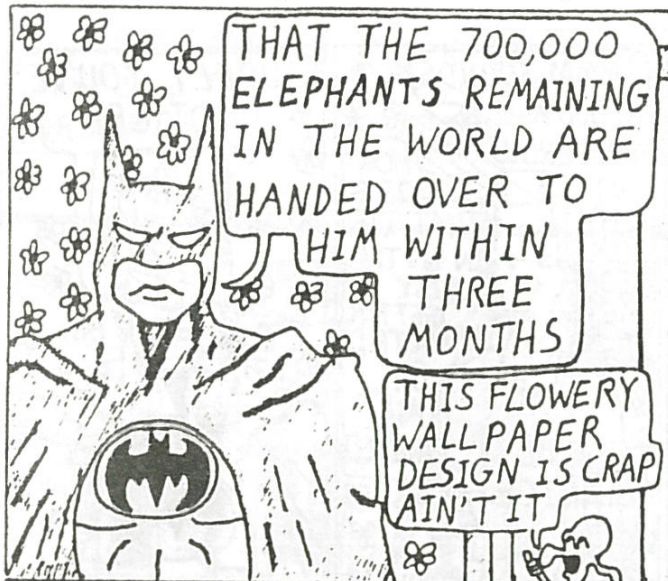
RIGHT
WHO'S
THERE



...AND TURNS ON
THE LIGHT

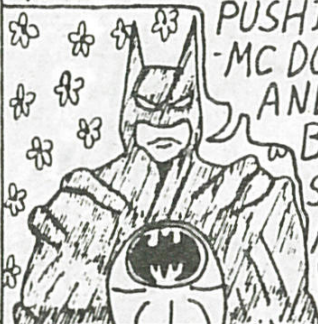






ANYWAY DAISY HAS BEEN TAKEN TO
MC DONALDS SECRET BASE SOMEWHERE
IN SOUTH AMERICA, ITS MY GUESS THE
VIRUS IS THERE ALSO. WE CAN'T
HAVE PEOPLE LIKE MC DONALD

PUSHING THE U.N AROUND.
-MC DONALD MUST BE STOPPED
AND, WELL, ROBIN IS IN
BED WITH THE MEASLES
SO I WAS HOPING YOU
AND YOUR ECO-COMMANDOS
WOULD HELP ME FIND
AND DEAL WITH HIM.



WELL YOU CAN
SCREW THE BLOODY
U.N BUT I'LL
HELP YA.
FOR ONCE
WE AGREE
MC DONALD
MUST BE
STOPPED



A TEAM UP OF THE ARCH VIGILANTE OF RIGHT
WING CAPITALISM AND THE CUTE

LITTLE LEFTIST
LIBERATOR OF
BUNNY RABBITS
AND OTHER OPPRESSED
LIFE FORMS IT SHALL
BE AN UNHOLY
ALLIANCE BUT A
NECESSARY ONE



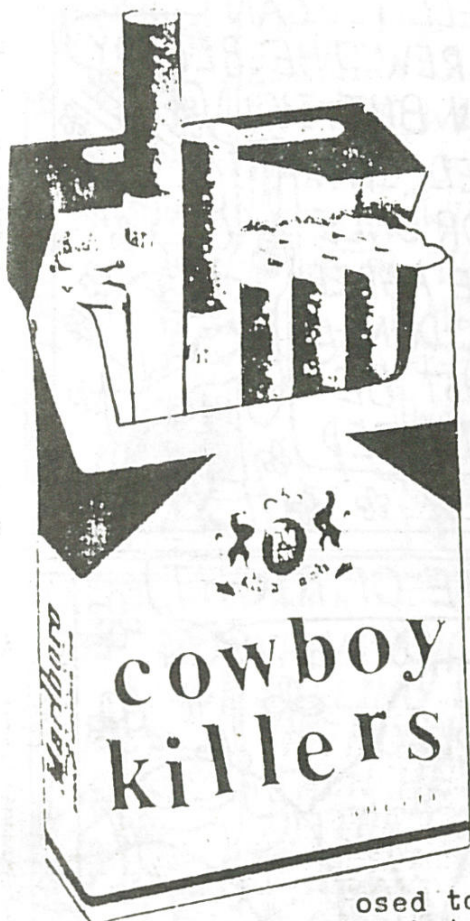
CAPITALIST
ARSEHOLE

SUBVERSIVE SCUM

I THINK THIS
COULD BE THE
START OF A
BEAUTIFUL
RELATIONSHIP



WHAT EXCITEMENT,
WHAT DRAMA, WHAT
A PLOT WITH FAB
DIALOGUE AS WELL.
LOOK OUT FOR **SMEGMA**
#8 (WHENEVER THAT
WILL BE) FOR THE
NEXT INSTALLMENT OF
**THE UNHOLY
ALLIANCE**



Now here are a fucking great band from wales by the name of the Cowboy Killers. I saw them live in the Gratten down Capel street in January of this year when they were over here doing a few gigs. I thought they were Da Biz and promptly and without delay bestowed on them the great honour of a Smeggy interview. The Questions were answered by Gary and Kip. So here it is ladies and gentlemen for your amusement and titillation Smegma number 7 presents a Cowboy killers interview. Enjoy.

Q. Why did you pick the name Cowboy Killers. Is there a hidden meaning Behind it ?

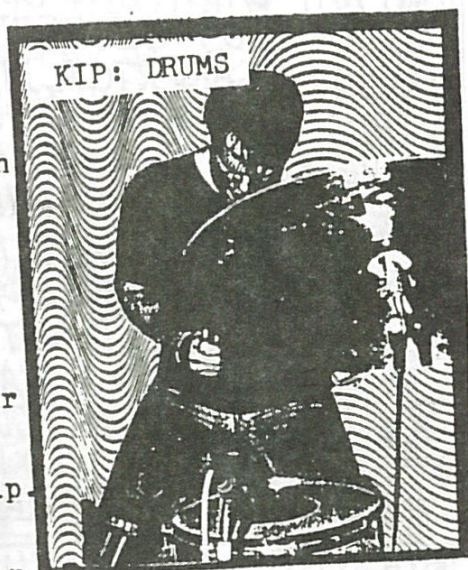
Gary: The name is supposed to come from Marlborough cigarettes but recent news indicates that Toxic Reasons actually thought of it. Bit of a scoop for ya there, eh. They were staying with our old bassist when they came to Newport. Therefore I suppose we can't claim any hidden meaning. However it can apply to the treatment of indians, which is the subject of the lyrics of CIVILISED.

Q. What did you think of your gigs in Ireland and was it what you were expecting, what did you think of the bands you played with ?

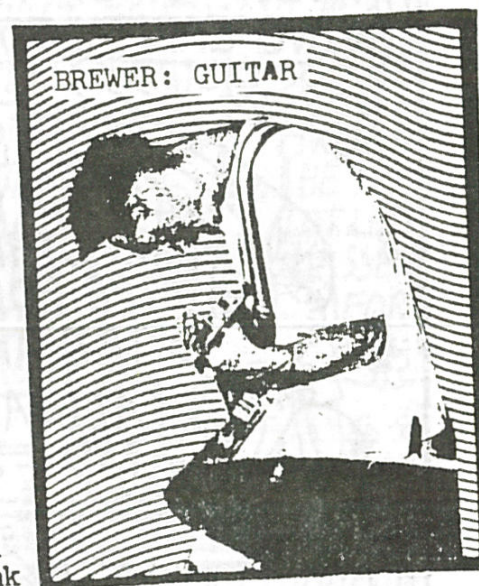
Gary: This is a loaded question. Well seeing as we only visited Dublin's fair city, Belfast and kill we can only

Comment on these three places. I think the general concensus was sheer brilliance for Dublin and kill and nervous edge for Belfast, and yes it was more or less what we expected. Not that I'm trying to be blase about it, but we had heard from other people that had been over, and they all said that the people were really friendly (a fact that stood out a mile wherever we went). As for the bands we played with, I'll have to let kip answer for the most part because he keeps a review list of all our gigs.

Kip: In Dublin the first band we encountered was the Senseless Things in trinity collage, the next day Shred, a harsh kinda Wedding Present with a smashing singer, that was quite refreshing to hear and the



KIP: DRUMS



BREWER: GUITAR

COWBOY KILLERS



mighty Paranoid Visions a 77 fuck you kinda punk rock band that were well saucy. Excellent shit. Others we encountered were the Grown-Ups an odd mish mash with varying speeds but with the vocalist continuing in a quirky monotone fashion, S-T-R-A-N-G-E. L.M.S and Don't kill sheep we didn't see much of in Belfast, but it sounded like a fucking racket so it must have been good. On the whole it was great to see some Irish talent.

Q.Many people I have talked to, think you sound like the Dead Kennedys. What do you think of this ?

Gary: Basically, not a great deal. I suppose 1 or 2 chords in 1 or 2 songs sounds vaguely like them and 1 or 2 lines of vocals could be compared to jello, but then loads of bands could be compared with the D.K's. On the other hand what better comparison could we be graced with.

Kip: Besides I'd far prefer to be compared to the D.K's than some second rate N___M D___H or another bargain basement straight edge band.

Q. When I was about 7 I used to collect all my snots in a jam jar so that one day I'd be able to roll them all together into one big snot, but I never got there coz my old dear kept finding them and throwing the jam jar out. Did you have any weird hobbies when you were about 7 ?

Gary: Funny enough it was the very same hobby that you've just described. Weird.

Kip : I remember my older brother tho' (I bet-Gary) that used to store dog shit in jam jars and water it.

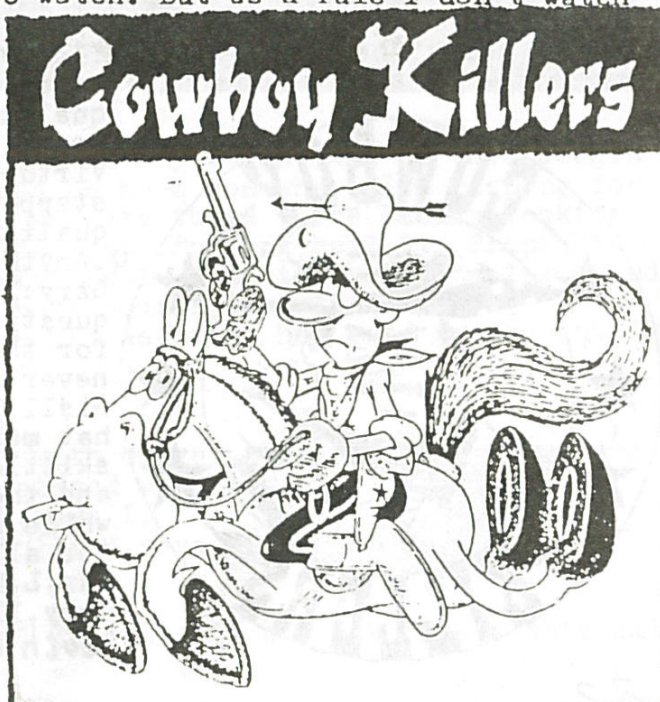
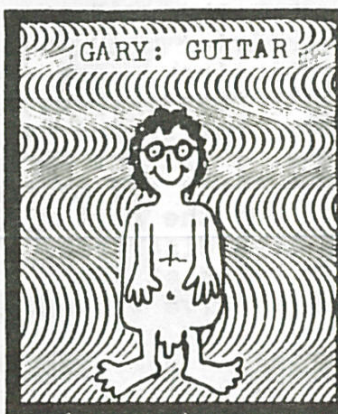
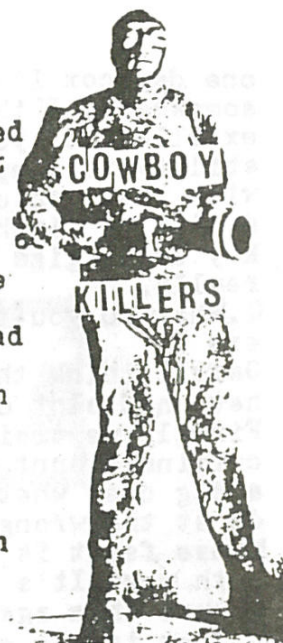
Gary : Yoohoo, let me at that keyboard...ouch, biff.

Q. What do you think of football and sport in general ?

Gary : I think football in general is crap in Britain, but in Europe and parts of South America there is much more style and expertise and it is a pleasure to watch. But as a rule I don't watch it unless it's on in somebody else's house. I think this would apply to the rest of the band as well. I like watching the world cup, the winter and summer olympics and Kip likes the odd bit of Sumo. But none of us takes any active part in any sport.

Q. Does anyone in the band keep a diary if so why, if not why not and what do you think of those who do ?

Gary: I think we've all probably kept one at one time or another, but I don't think that anyone does so now (I could be wrong though). I used to keep one back in 1980ish (years ago), with an entry every day on what I'd done, where I'd been etc, but I always use to forget to keep it up and gradually I just forgot all about it. I'll have to dig it up



one day coz I've still got it somewhere. I think diaries are excellent if you've got the ability to keep them going, otherwise they end up like mine with a list of birthdays and other key dates(gigs etc).Pretty boring really.

Q.What do you think of rottweilers ?

Gary:I think that rottweilers have had alot of bad press lately. Firstly we train dogs to attack criminals,hunt and kill,but when a dog does what its trained to do at the wrong time we punish it.

Whose fault is it that the dog attacks in the first place.We can't have it both ways.It's like selling arms to foreign nations and expecting them not to use them against us.

Q.What is the closest you've got to dying ?

Gary:I used to suffer from hay fever(touch wood) and this use to aggravate my asthma. One summer I was sitting in a field for a few hours,not realizing,and had a massive attack the next day. Even my inhaler could not clear it. I could hardly breath and I thought I was going to collapse and that would be it. But luckily(or unluckily depending on your view point) I survived.(Hurrah)Another time(new years eve)some friends and I were walking back through a park totally pissed.My mate shouted at me from the roundabout and I ran full pelt at him. But in the way,unseen by me in my state was a three stage climbing frame. I hit the first stage and woke up flat on my back. It hit me across the chest and my legs kept going. The next stage would have caught my neck and the next would have been across my forehead. Both would probably have been disastrous.

Kip:I distinctly remember being at the top of a quarry with a couple of chums and the rocks began to give way under our feet. I'm sure I saw that beautiful garden

Q.How does the idea of standing naked waist deep in a barrel of yoghurt with your nipples covered in vaseline appeal to you or do you have a better way of spending a sunday afternoon ? If so please tell.

Gary: Quite seriously,that appeals to me a great deal so I won't even try to better it.

Q.Do you think the milk of the wild horse of the Mongolian steppe has homeopathic virtues and is this in any way related to the supposed mystical qualities of the eton top hat ?

Gary:According to my book "The Homeopathic Virtues of the Wild Horse of the Mongolian steppe",no,but it does have aphrodisiac qualities which are yet to be equalled.

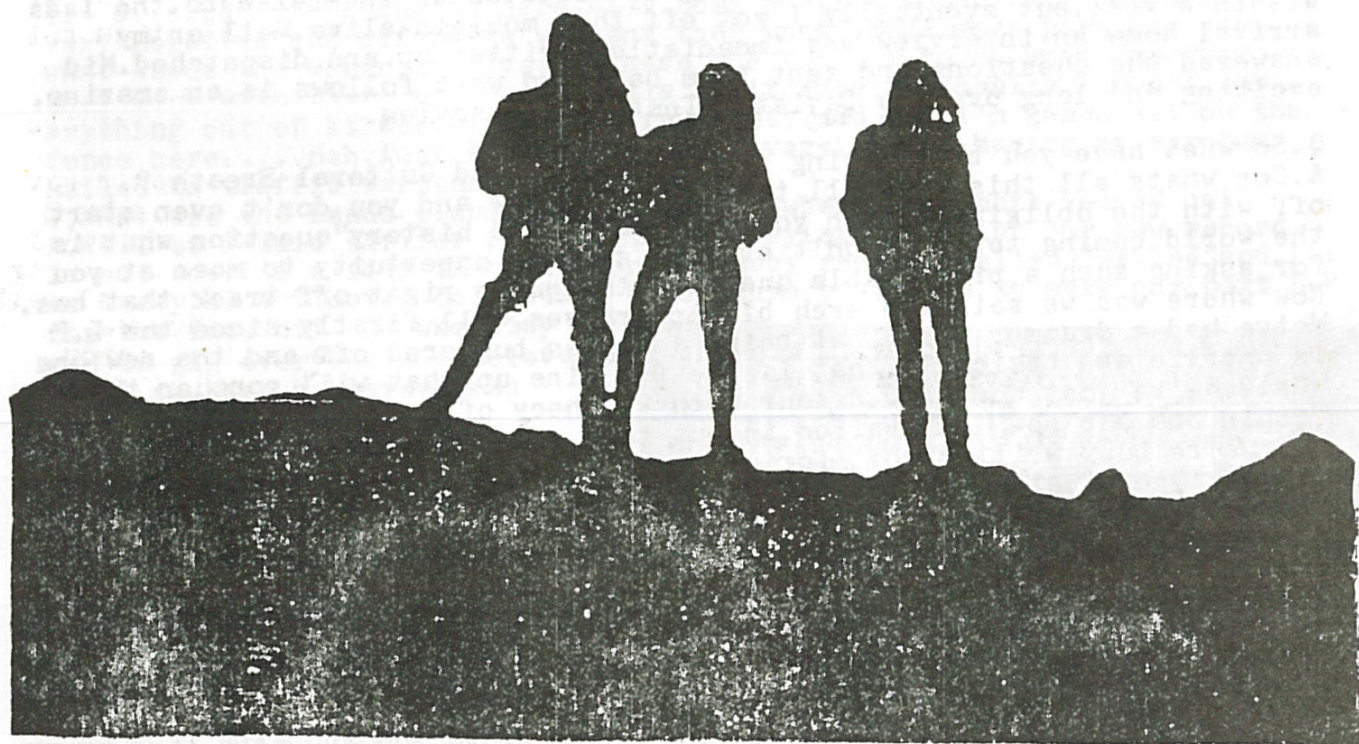
Q.Anything else to say?

Gary:Yes,what the fuck was that last question all about? Well to sum up,thanks for the questions,the like of which I've never seen before,and a special thanks to Niall,paranoid visions(Dai Green),the klan hat maker(can't remember her name),tara, skittles,Connor,the white horse landlord and the people who very kindly put us up while we were in Ireland.Thank you.Finally for all you consumerists,if you want any of our L.P's,T-shirts etc,then contact us at Gary,119 cathays terrace,cathays,Cardiff, South Glamorgan ,Wales,CF2 2HU.



Deviated

instinct



Fuck me I'm rightly nackered, still I'm nearly at the top of this shagin moutain now. Hope there's a bloody pub up here somewhere I'm gasping for a pint. Hello, hello, hang on a minute who are those three smelly looking weirdos looking at me with hate filled eyes. Fucking hell its Snapa, Mid and adam from bleedin Deviated fuckin Instinct. What are they doing standing around looking ominous on this here moutain summit.

"Looking for you, ya bastard", replies Mid as if he had read my thoughts "we heard you was up here prickin around .

"Yeah", says Snapa.

"That right", says adam.

The atmosphere is tense and fraught with danger. Like y'know I'm getting bad vibes here man. I think they're pissed with me.

"What seems to be the trouble lads", says I.

"Are you lookin for a kick in the bollix", says Mid.

"Yeah", says Snapa.

"He, He, He", chuckels Adam.

Taking the question to be rhetorical I ignore it and ask, "Whats this all

about then?"

"Its about our interview in smegma",replies Mid.

"Yeah",says Snapa.

"Thats right",says Adam.

"What interview"replies I,puzzled like,"I've never given you an interview in Smegma".

"Exactly"snarls Mid,a vicious grin spreading across his face as he calmly takes a sharp rusty stanley knife from a pocket of his faeces encrusted combat jacket",you got something against us angus,you not like Deviated Instinct,we not good enough for your pissy little rag".

"Er,ahmm,of course you are,I just,like y'know never got around to getting an interview to ya".

Mid eyes the blade of his stanley"Isn't it about time you did".

"yeah",says Snapa.

"Too right",says Adam.

Well folks it was touch and go there for a while.It took alot of begging for mercy and promising and swearing to dispatch an interview to the lads within a week,but eventually I got off that moutain alive.Well on my arrival home an interview was immediatley written up and dispatched.Mid answered the questions and sent them back and what follows is an amazing, exciting and long overdue Deviated Instinct interview.

Q.So what have you being doing since you released Gutteral Breath ?

A.Cor whats all this,you call this an interview and you don't even start off with the obligitory "can you give me a band history"question,what is the world coming to,so I don't even to get the oppertuity to moan at you for asking such a pradiactable question,thrown me right off track that has. Now where was we said the arch bishop,arh yes.Well firstly since the L.P We've had a drummer swap,that being Adam has buggered off and the new one is Charlie and basically that is the D.I line up that will conquer the World.We've just done a U.K tour with Prophecy of Doom and Decadence Within and our new I2" Nailed,is out this very minute on Prophecy records and we're busy writing shit for our new 3'rd L.P.Its all go daddio.

Q.What type of atmosphere or vipe do you try to capture or put across with.your music ?

A.I dunno,something stark,barren and positively urghh like I suppose, someone asked us on tour in an interview whetherwe often felt suicidal, so it obviously depresses someone,ha pesamism core.Actually I really don't know.We're certainly not into any light happy vibe.I quite like listening to that kind of stuff but I wouldn't like to play it.We just like playing ugly noise,black and cold.

Q.What would you say to someone if they came up to you and said that every time they listen to your music they get images in their mind of artillery shells exploding,tanks grinding forward crushing everything in their path and blokes with flame throwers squirting napalm into bunkers and that they think that your music would be the perfect soundtrack for a Sven Hassel novel if it were to be made into a film ?

A.I'd say,"cor blimey guv how much do you want for the camel",but that wouldn't make an awful lot of sense.Anyway Sven Hassel is for Cyrils,one of our old drummers.He was heavily into his stuff,doesn't hold much interest for me I'M afraid,though still I guess its better than sounding like a soundtrack for Enid Blyton.

Q.Liked Snapas inner sleeve illustration for "Gutteral Breath".Does he like H.R Giger and what does he think of my humble opinion that he seems to be in a large way influenced by him.

A.Aahh yes,well alot of people have seen that design on T-shirts and said "is that a Giger design?"which I think Snapa gets a bit narked at,but he has to admit he does worship the paper Giger warps his brain on,infact I think Snapa is getting a H.R added to his name by deed poll,he's recently mastered the air brush,so now he has got no holds barred on the Giger trail,tut,tut,tut.

Q. Whats leggo up to now?

A. Basically getting banned from as many places as he can. Did you know he eats live babies before breakfast and is into sex with dead halibuts, its all true. Apart from that I think Filthkick are still going strong. I think they've dropped alot of their old hardcore stuff and are apparently going in a phycodelic rock vein, sounds intriguing. As he lives in Birmingham we only bump into him a couple of times a year but we all still get on. Must have been the only D.I split that was amiable.

Q. What do you think of pornography and do you think it should be illegal?

A. Oooh arrrh, and the cheeky little blighter throws in a deep and controversial question just to make it tricky. Well this is a very big question which has many angels to it. There is alot bad about some kinds of porn but not all. Actually I think alot of the more so called soft core stuff i.e page 3 and the like is alot more offensive than the perverse stuff. I don't think you can make it illegal, that wouldn't stop anything just drive it underground and there are always going to be people who are into it. I could go on all day and still not come to any conclusion, there are a lot of arguments going on here. Alot does portray women in general in a very negative and offensive way but then what about male porn, gay porn, what about the women involved to have the freedom to do what the fuck they want with their bodies. I really ain't sure, personally I don't get anything out of it and alot of it is pretty sad but I'm gonna sit on the fence here.....nah, fuck it, lets be controversial, I'm having my scrotum nailed to traffic wardens.

Q. What are the bands plans for the future, when's the next record out?

A. Well as I said earlier if you'd beeing paying attention our new record is out now. Its a four track 12" on Prophecy records called "Nailed" and its as heavy as a bloated colostomy bag. Future plans are to make our next L.P rip the face off all who play it and to gig everywhere concievable until we have achieved mass domination.

Q. Do you like ravans and what do you automatically associate with them?

A. Yes indeedy though we haven't associated ravans with D.I for several years they are still cool fuckers. I see them as messengers of doom, they are gnarly miserable bastards and they don't care because they will know what we are always too shit scared even to imagine.

Q. If you had to put an existing comic character on the sleeve of your next L.P who would it be and why?

A. Hmmmm difficult one, so difficult in fact I'm going to sit down and think about it. If I had known I was going to have to use my brain answering this I would have had a heartier breakfast. Perhaps Slaine sitting in a pile of gore, nah, I'M sure he'd be into us but thats too cliched, people would think its a Manowar L.P. Maybe Deadlock of the A.B.C warriors looking mean as fuck and giving off heavy chaos vibes or then



again being totally stupid how about pigpen from charlie brown for being a crusty git.

Q. Is there anyone in particular you would like to do a tour with ?

A. The bay city rollers coz they're just so fab and groovy and they've got the kind of dress sense we aspire to. Failing that I'd settle with the Melvins except they're so bloody weird I'm sure we'd all get migraines besides it wouldn't be much fun getting blown off the stage every night. I really don't know too many to mention really.

A. Anything else to say ?

Q. Thanx for the interview may your zine sprout wings and play the banjo.



This lot played Dublin back in march with Aesphyxia doing back-up in Mc Gons. So I took the opportunity to get an interview to them and they very obligingly sent the answers back to me thus making them the very first band ever to be interviewed in Smegma twice with the exception of Paranoid Visions. Ain't that an interesting piece of trivia eh, that could, like, be really useful, like, if ever your on "the price is right" and you are asked "what was the very first band ever with the exception of paranoid visions to be interviewed in Smegma twice. You will be able to grit your teeth in triumph knowing that fridge freezer is yours and yell at the top of your voice "fucking Bolt-thrower".

Q. So what did you think of the gig in Dublin and how does it compare to the one you played last time you were over ?

A. If only you knew what we went through to do that Dublin gig. As you may know the first gig was cancelled due to whale having chicken pox. When we finally got to do it the second time around we missed the first ferry and had to wait about 10 hours for the next one so we turned up at the gig just as we were about to go on, so all in all it was a nightmare. But as for how the gig went it was great, the people were ace and we were treated really well apart from being switched off. There was no real comparison to the first time we came over, then we went down awful, I got a real bad cold and the gear there was awful. Maybe we'll get it right

the next time.

Q.What is the riddle of steel ?

A.Fuck knows,what are you asking me for.

Q.What would you think of composing and recording the soundtrack for a re-re-make of the film "All quite on the western front"and what film would you have liked to have done a soundtrack for?

A.I dunno about "All quite on the western front" maybe something like predator or evil dead.

Q.What are your favourite books and authors ?

A.To be honest I'm not a great lover of books I haven't got the patience. I do like the work of stephen king though.

Q.I believe you like playing role playing games,what are your favorite ones and what attracts you to them ?

A.Although Karl and Gav do have a bash now and again I'm afraid I can't really see the attraction.There is far too much thought involved.Sorry I think you're gonna have to ask them this one.

Q.What vibe,feeling or atmosphere do you try and get across with your music ?

A.I'd like to think we create energy with a certain amount of rawness. We basically just try to be heavy,intense and,dare I say it,brutal.

Q.What would you think of a band doing a concept L.P based on the Gulf War ?

A.Alot of people thought "Warmaster" was based on the Gulf War,its not. If thats what a band wants to do then who am I to criticise.

Q.When you were choosing a name for the band what other names were you considering before you setteled on Bolt Thrower ?

A.We chose the name pretty soon after the band was formed but I think "Eradicator" was one name mentioned.

Q.Alot of people I know think the L.P cover to Warmaster is crap though they love the L.P.What do you think of it?

A.Well Warmaster was a quarter of the price of Realm of chaos so it was sure to be not as good.But under the circumstances i.e time and money I don't think its too bad.Realm of chaos was a hard sleeve to follow. Maybe the next one will blow you all away.

Q.What did you think of Asphexia ?

A.Although we missed them at the gig I got to hear their demo tape and was well impressed.Hopefully we'll play with them pretty soon.Yeah I'M chuffed.

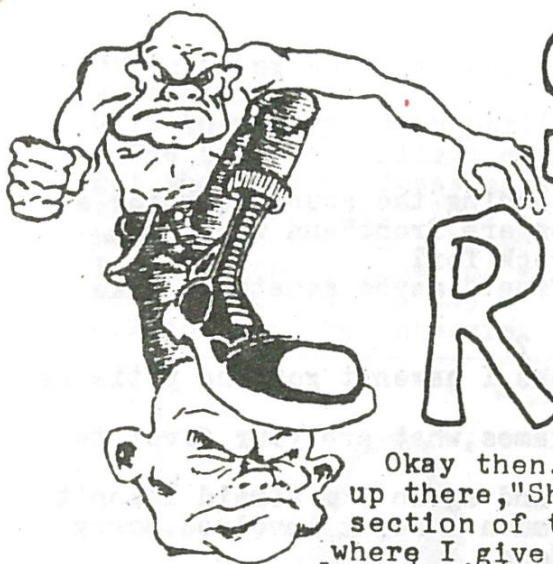
Q.Anything else to say?

A.Yeah cheers to everyone who came to see us,sorry about all the shit, cheers to angus and all the other Irish B.T fans.

These questions were answered by Jo the bassist with the band.

AAARGHH,GRRR,FUCK
OFF THEN,AAARGHH
MOTHERFUCKER,GRRR
GO ON FUCK OFF
AAARGHH,YA CUNTS
YEZ GRRRRRRRR





SHAM ROCK



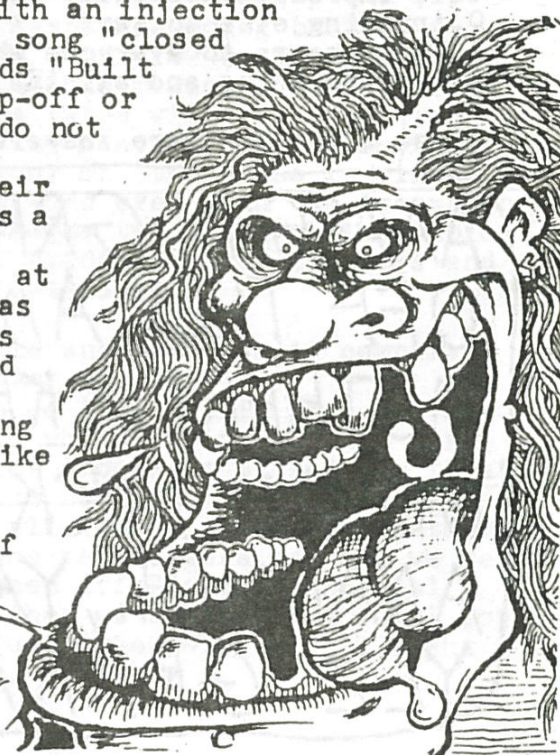
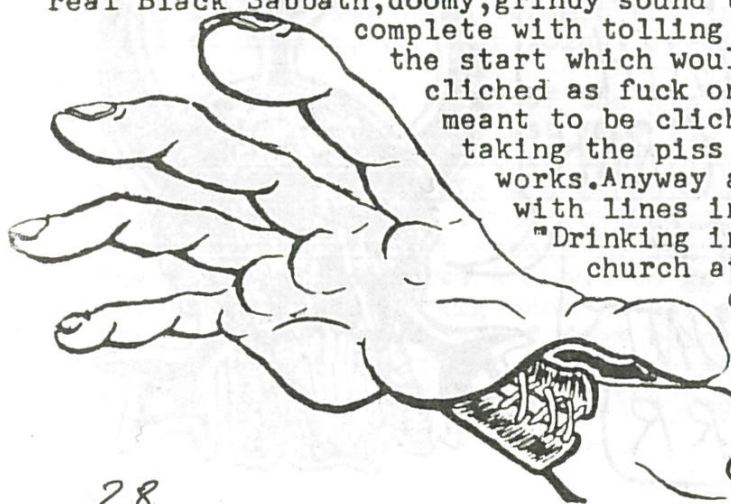
Okay then, do you see those two words up there, "Sham" and "Rock" well this is the name of this section of the old Smeg, Shamrock. It is the section where I give a mention to some Irish bands I haven't had place to interview so on with it.

Blue Babies: These are a fine gutsy band heralding from Dublin who have been doing the rounds for about a year now. I must admit to being damn surprised on first hearing/seeing them (you usually get to do both at gigs if your lucky and not blind, in which case you would only hear them, or deaf, in which case you would only see them, or both in which case you would neither hear nor see them but in the case of this lot would more than likely be able to smell them in less of course you had lost your sense of smell but we won't get into that, will we, no we won't) as I had been expecting them to be a Malicious (we can't play for bollix but we're a damn good laugh) Damage Mark 2 and was quite surprised to find out that they could actually play. I particularly liked their punked up version of Anti-Social by Thrust (remember them, ha, your probably still trying to forget) which they did much better than the french metal heads ever did.

Anyway the band, which comprises of Al Coholic on guitar, Rich. T. Biscuits on bass, Steo Sex Cmybal on drums, John Throat Cancer on vocals and Skittles on silent bass and general arseing around the stage, recently got a demo tape out which is damn good indeed and is well produced. The demo is entitled "From a whisper to a scream" and contains 5 songs written by the blue babies and a cover of "She's not there" (as to who wrote this I don't fuckin care). The bands overall sound is early 80's punk with an injection of grindy metal. By the way the riff in their song "closed minds/open mouth" is damn similar to Motorheads "Built for Speed" wheather this is an intentional rip-off or just a case of great minds thinking alike I do not know.

I think the band have a little classic on their hands with the song "drunken church" which has a real Black Sabbath, doomy, grindy sound to it

complete with tolling bells at the start which would be as cliched as fuck only its meant to be cliched and taking the piss so it works. Anyway any song with lines in it like "Drinking in the church at the dead of



night, getting really drunk on the blood of christ, taking a little sup of the altar wine, couldn't give a toss if its red or white", can't go wrong in my book. The Blue Babies can be contacted by writing to John c/o F.O.A.D records sonic studio No.1 Gardiner Row Dublin 1. Their demo will set you back £3 plus P+P.

Ciunas: Spritely little band this who are good fun to bop around to. They've been going for about a year now and their line-up is Gary on Guitar, Hatchet on bass, Ash on drums and Rich on Vocals. They brought out a demo a few months back entitled "We're no longer dead on" which has seven songs on it and is well worth getting. Their sound is kinda, hmmm, fuck's sake I hate trying to describe what a band sounds like, I keep wanting to hum one of their songs. They sound...., They sound.... They sound fuking great, right, and I like them, so there, and so will you if you've got any sense.

If I had to describe them I would say they sound Irish with an American hardcore influence. How does that sound?, fuckin thick to most of ya probably. I can just imagine you sitting there right now going "what does he mean they sound fuking Irish and what American hardcore influence is he talking about."

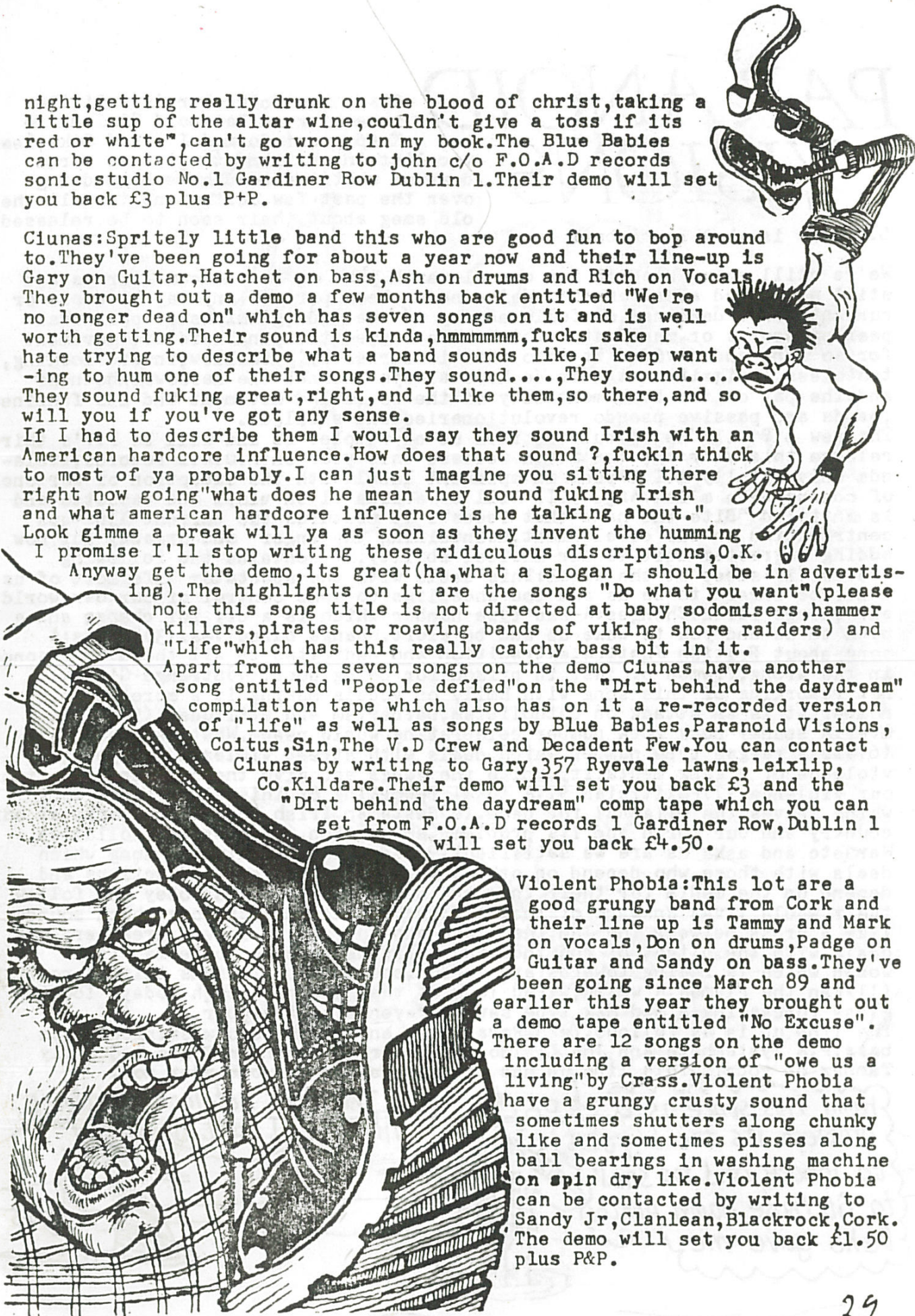
Look gimme a break will ya as soon as they invent the humming

I promise I'll stop writing these ridiculous descriptions, O.K.

Anyway get the demo, its great (ha, what a slogan I should be in advertising). The highlights on it are the songs "Do what you want" (please note this song title is not directed at baby sodomisers, hammer killers, pirates or roaving bands of viking shore raiders) and "Life" which has this really catchy bass bit in it.

Apart from the seven songs on the demo Ciunas have another song entitled "People defied" on the "Dirt behind the daydream" compilation tape which also has on it a re-recorded version of "Life" as well as songs by Blue Babies, Paranoid Visions, Coitus, Sin, The V.D Crew and Decadent Few. You can contact Ciunas by writing to Gary, 357 Ryevale lawns, Leixlip, Co. Kildare. Their demo will set you back £3 and the "Dirt behind the daydream" comp tape which you can get from F.O.A.D records 1 Gardiner Row, Dublin 1 will set you back £4.50.

Violent Phobia: This lot are a good grungy band from Cork and their line up is Tammy and Mark on vocals, Don on drums, Padge on Guitar and Sandy on bass. They've been going since March 89 and earlier this year they brought out a demo tape entitled "No Excuse". There are 12 songs on the demo including a version of "owe us a living" by Crass. Violent Phobia have a grungy crusty sound that sometimes shutters along chunky like and sometimes pisses along ball bearings in washing machine on spin dry like. Violent Phobia can be contacted by writing to Sandy Jr, Clanlean, Blackrock, Cork. The demo will set you back £1.50 plus P+P.



PARANOID VISIONS

Okay then folks here's a little something on Paranoid Visions to Keep you informed. I asked Deko, lead vocalist in the band to give me a run down on what the band have been doing over the past few months and to tell the old smeg about their soon to be released

L.P. This is what I got back.

We're still going heading for our eleventh year on the circuit/circus and still alive and alert as ever. We've never been part of any latest craze or current press darlings or followed any of the fads, gimmicks or political peer pressures or manifestos which have dogged the punk/hardcore movement for so long and divided it into what is currently, a shallow, inward looking, toothless, insignificant mess. We have always scorned the narrowmindedness and the pat on the back mentality of the so called movement and its fanzines, bands and passive pseudo revolutionaries and still do.

The new L.P will be ejaculated from us on October 20 and will be P.V's third release this year and the fifth release this year on F.O.A.D records, Ireland only totally D.I.Y punk/independent label (with the exception of warzone of course deko m'lad: Angus). It will be available on vinyl and cassette and is entitled "Bite the hand that feeds". It features the current line-ups contribution to our development, maintaining the anger and urgency but now adding a greater dept to our musical ability, it contains the following tracks. (1) Asleep at the wheel: This deals with the spectator life most of us lead. Too afraid to be us and too sheeplike to take control of our own world and change it. (2) Changes: A ska type number which is a cry for change and a plea to us and you to wake up and be alert. Change ourselves. (3) Fences: A song about British Justice, extradition and dedicated to all those imprisoned in the wrong, framed or just in prison for being poor. (4) Strange Girl 91: A new reworking of this song with Emily on vocals making it a more feminist number. It is an attack on catholicism, barbarism and attitudes. (5) War is Over: A spunky punk rock number celebrating world peace. Whatever that is.

(6) War: A reggae type number which deals with street violence and young violence of a gang mentality. Unite the gangs and give the cops and the rich our violence. (7) Politician 91: A total reworking of this old Visions song which leaves the original for dead. (8) Sasta: An Irish song which looks at our country and our Earth and its problems, emigration, unemployment, pollution, War etc and asks us are we satisfied? (9) Secondhand Daylight: A song which deals with those who depend on others to O.K their views and actions and depend on the media for their info and never question, just obey and follow their whole lives unaware of reality. (10) Frantic World: A song which sounds like a cross between The Jam, The Clash and The Maniac street preachers and deals with the plight of the individual trying to come to terms with a world which is racing towards armageddon, sod the politicians this is reality. (11) Fan the Flames: A weird, wired look at the future through today's looking glass forecasting a Mad Max type savage revenge of the poor.

The line up is as follows, Deko Pavarotten on vocals, Geno washingboard on bass, P.A Systemhate and Joe Libido on Guitar, Al Cowan on Drums and Emily Tampax on vocals. This line up has been together for one year now.



SHORT STORY : BABY AND DA ACID



AND BLAB
BLAB BLAB
BLAB



BY DANIEL BUCKLEY AGED 21½

deviated instinct

ASPHALT

BOLT-THROWER

Garboy
Killers



WALL